

# BELGIAES TROVBLES, AND TRIVMPHS.

WHEREIN ARE TRVLY  
and Historically related all the most fa-  
mous Occurrences, which haue happened be-  
tweene the Spaniards, and Hollanders in these last  
foure yearcs Warres of the Netherlands, with other  
*Accidents, which haue had relation vnto them, as the*  
*Battels of Fleurie, and Statloo, the losse of Gu-*  
*licke and Breda, the Sieges of Sluce and*  
*Bergen, the Conquest of St. Salua-*  
*dor in Brasilia, and the taking*  
*of Goffe by Charles Lam-*  
*bert, &c.*

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Written by WILLIAM CROSSE, master of Arts  
of St. Mary Hall in Oxford, and sometimes Chap-  
laine vnto Colonell Ogle in the Netherlands.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, AND TRVELY  
noble Lords, the Earle of E s s e x , and  
my Lord MOVNTIOY, *William Crosse*  
wisheth the increase of Temporal,  
and the fulnesse of Spirituall  
happinesse.



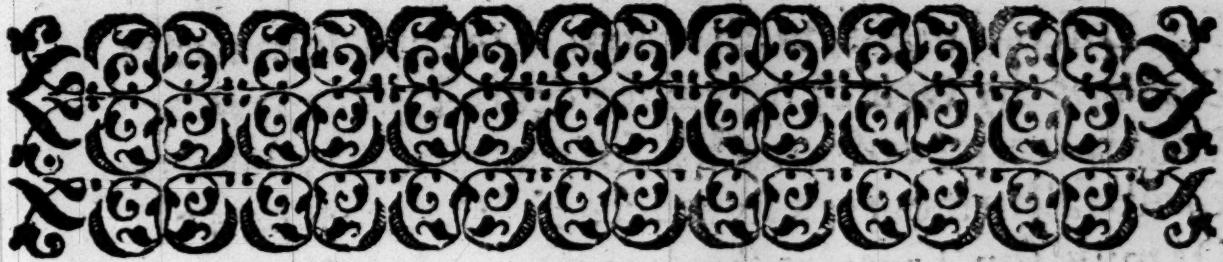
Most Illustrious Lords, amongst  
all the List of our Time-VVor-  
thies, I could find none to whom I  
might consecrate this First part  
of Belgiae's Troubles and Tri-  
umphs, sooner then to your Ho-  
noured selues, as being the Sonnes  
of two so Noble, and high-deser-  
uing Fathers, the Mirrours of these latter Ages; whose  
Examples concurring with the inbred vertue of your  
owne Dispositions, invite you to the Patronage of Arts,  
to the Profession and Excercise of Armes: the former  
you haue manifested by your Munificence; the latter,  
by the free aduenture of your owne Persons: as you my  
Lord of Essex, at your first ascent into the Palatinate,  
for your Ingagements in the Seruice of the Nether-  
lands, your and last attending with much Constancy and  
Valour, in the troublesome Leaguers of Meede, and

Rosendale. And you my Lord Montioy, for your  
worth and Noblenesse, exemplified at the Siege of Ber-  
gen op Zoom, for the rescuing of Monsieur Breou-  
rees Bodie from the Spaniards at Meede Leaguer  
neere Breda, and for the continuall perseuerance in  
your Noble Resolutions, and heroycall Indeauours:  
The Author doubts that malicious Criticisme may  
haunt and ghost this impartiall Poeme, which glorifies  
our English Nation, according to their condigne me-  
rits, a thing omitted by the Dutch and French VVri-  
ters, who giue ymough unto themselues, but unto vs too  
little attributes of Honour. For these causes he seeks to  
shelter this Fraught under the Lee of your Protecti-  
ons, which if hee obtaines, by meanes of your Noble  
Grants, hee shall for euer rest

The deuoted Seruant

of your Lordships

William Crosse



# BELGIA'S TROVBLES AND TRIVMPHS.

The first Booke.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**I**N this part continued from the beginning of the yeare of our Lord God, 1621, unto the Ascension of our Sauiour, in the yeare 1622, are contained the expiration of the last Truce, with a Proposition of a new Treatie; which the States reject, because the Spaniards would not acknowledge them for free States in this Treatie. The preparations of both sides for warre. The meeting of our Troops at Skenckesconce. Their cruell March from thence to Dornicke. The terrible Sicknes which raigned in our Army. The imbattailing of our Foot-Companies on the North side of Dornicke. Graue Henricks fortunate escape from foure Cornets of the enemies Horse. The burning of his Lodgings and Stables by a casuall fire. Spino-laes opposition against the Prince of Oranges forces. Vanderbercks taking of Gulicke, and Inigoes repulse at Sluice: together with the burning of 50 Dorps in little Brabant by the States Armie, and the taking of the Gouvernor of Angola Prisoner by the Flushingers.

**A**fter the calmes of sweet-contenting Peace  
Well passed were, and that luxurious ease  
Had griped on those Armes, which fighting  
Imbru'd with blood, with danger, death & feare; (were,  
Bellona storming with a fatall rage,  
Out of th' Infernall Cells calls forth a Page,

## Belgiaes Troubles,

Fell Discord hight, with whom shee thus doth treat:  
 Doe not thy trembling vaines deare Discord sweat  
 Whole stormes of wrath? for that neglected warre  
 Crest-fallen mournes in peacc; and that, that barre  
 Of milk-sop Treaties stoppes our raging Armes,  
 Stain'd with the blood of *Belgiaes* former harmes.

Behold that swelling State; obserue and looke,  
 How proudly shee hauing the chaines off shooke  
 Of *Castiles* thraldome, liues in pleasing rest,  
 And roaues from Holland to the farthest West,

Spreading her tayle vnto \* that Indian Maine,  
 Found by *Columbus* for Gold-thirsting Spaine.

I long to drinke her blood, and to intcombe  
 Her goared carkeise in my gaping wombe:  
 Rather let heapes of men, let millions die,  
 Then my blood-thirstie soule should want supply.

Think'st thou that Turnholts field where \* thousands fell,  
 Of slaughtred bodies could my longing quell?

Or famous Ostend, which for three yeares space  
 Maintain'd that siege, which did the world amaze?

Or that same blood, which fertiliz'd the sand,  
 That Mountaine like doth rise on Newports Strand?

These were but drops vnto my dropsie soule,  
 Which drinking still doth thirst; goe fill my bowle  
 Brim full with vengeance, which I meane to powre  
 In stormes of blood on *Belgiaes* fruitfull shore.

There's liquor yet within the sacred vaines  
 Of great heroicke Spirits, that remaines

An obiect for my lust: there are the \* Yeares,  
 Three thunder-bolts of warre, whose courage dares  
 T'affront whole Squadrons; there is *Cecill* braue,  
 These would I haue to make the fielde their graue.

With these time-honour'd \* Ogle let mee place,  
 A Branch sprung from Northumbrian Ogles race,  
 And valiant Mountjoy, who to Blunts great house  
 Fresh glory giues; with these then ioyne and rouse  
 Saintleger, Conway, Burrowes, and the rest,  
 Whose daring valour fitly may contest.

The West Indies were first discouered by *Columbus*.

These three places in the Netherlands were famous for those fightis which haue been made in them.

My Lord of Oxford, Sir Horace, and Sir Edward Vere.

The Ogles of Lincolnshire came from the Ogles of Northumberland.

With

With Romes old Minions; let their whetted Armes  
Vpon thy summons take on fresh Alarmes.  
And since for richer stremes of Princes blood,  
My soule doth long to drinke a crimson flood,  
*Hirudo*-like, faine would I sucke the vaines  
Of great *Naffaw*, which with their moving straines  
Giue life vnto the members of that State,  
Who with their power the Spanish pride doe mate.  
With this fierce Discord moou'd, breaks all the barres  
Of sleeping Peace, and sets discordant Iarres,  
Doubtfull suspitions, iealous larking feares,  
Fresh boyling in the breasts of \* *Belgiaes* Peeres.  
Nor doth shee rest, but to increase the fire,  
Addes fuell to the flames, ioynes pride with ire,  
Malice with false, but yet pretended wrong,  
With which shee makes the Spaniard to prolong  
Treaties in shew; but yet inflames his sprite,  
With force to tame th'vnted Cantons might.  
The cause grew thus, there were of colder blood,  
Who ay n'd at Peace, and at the publike good,  
Vnwilling that the Christians ciuill Iarres,  
Should breed domesticke, and intestine warres,  
These men perswade a parle, both condiscend,  
But dissonant, remou'd from concords end.  
For *Philip* deeming that the twelue yeares truce,  
Did but the lustre of his Right abuse,  
And that the webbe of *Barnegelts* designe,  
Prou'd Fortunes scorne, an unsprung fruitlesse Mine :  
Besides, being vrg'd on by the firme Decree  
Of his owne Counsell, and the Roman See,  
And by their Engines taught, th' *Ignatian* crue,  
That 'twere more honour *Belgia* to subdue,  
Then for to conquer from the Midland-Sea  
The vast extent of Sun-burnt *Barbarie*,  
Vnto those sandie Deserts, that \* *Lewant*,  
Whereas in troupes th' *Alarbian* Rouers haunt:  
Then to display their Ensignes on the Towers  
Of proud *Bizantiums* Sultanized bowers

A Horsleech  
or Bloodsucker

*Belgia* signi-  
fies the Ne-  
therlands.

The King of  
Spaine.

The Jesuites.

*Lewant* signi-  
fies East, or a-  
ny place East-  
ward.

Or subiugate all Greciaeas fruitfull land,  
 From *Hemus* top to *Hellespontus* Strand.  
 These causes ioyned with his Titles prize,  
 Faire seeming to some rash beholders eyes,  
 By which hee claimes from *Burgundies* descent,  
 Power absolute, and supereminent,  
 Like fatall motiues, did still animate,  
 The Spanish King, and *Austriaes* Potentate,  
 To seeke out warres in peace, and Treaties faine,  
 By which they might time and occasion gaine.  
 True Spanish wiles, of *Gondamars* owne draught,  
 By which they haue French, Dutch, and English caught,  
 And wonne so many Scepters, so much ground,  
 By their forg'd Patlees, false deluding sound,  
 Preuailing more with the *Volponees* case,  
 Then e're they could winne with the Lyons face.  
 Thus didthey wrest forth of the Frenchmens hands,  
 Siciliaes crested Hilles, Calabriaes lands,  
 Sweet Piemounts Vallies, and those fruitfull plaines,  
 Which *Tbesin* waters with his Christall vaines;  
 All those faire Regions, which extended lye  
 From th' Alpine Mountaines vnto Tuscanie.  
 With this old Spanish tricke they gaue the foyle

*Fredericke the Prince Palatine.* To Princely *Fredericke*, and with Beamelands spoyle  
 Loading their hungry Troupes, inforc't the Rhine  
 To quit his Tribute to the Palatine.  
 With the faire semblance of this glorious gloze,  
 They thought th' intangled Hollanders to close,  
 A Nation learn'd in their Castillian drifts,  
 Their policies and Spaniolized shifts.

*The Archduke Albertus.* For *Albert* doth propound Conditions faire,  
 But Judgement-weigh'd politique verball ayre.  
 Hee'l seeme t'acknowledge these free men for free,  
 Yet manumiz'd by force to libertie.  
 Hee'l treat with them, as treating with free States,  
 They being not so, but this disanimates

*Nullum simile est idem.* Them from all parle; for nothing likes the same,  
 Quoth they, and then shall we leauue freedomes name.

Shall

Shall wee bee seeming slaues, and lose that good,  
 Which wee haue purchast with our dearest blood?  
 Shall wee to Spanish thralldome chaine our necks,  
 And basely stoope to those Imperiall becks  
 Of *Austriaes* House? whose vaste ambitions fire,  
 To th'European Empire doth aspire,  
 And seekes to give the Law to all those Nations,  
 Which in this Climate hold their habitations.  
 Why should not wee be dealt with as the *Swiffe*,  
 Whose fredome sure and vndependant is?  
 Or as the rugged *Grifon*, who doth plough  
 The cragged Valtolinaes bending browes?  
 Or that *Venetian* Sea-commanding State,  
 To ballance *Austriaes* power ordain'd by Fate?  
 Wee are as free as *Grifon*, *Swiffe*, or Shee,  
 That ore the Seas claimes wedded Soueraigntie.  
 Our Forces are as potent on both Maines  
 In Shipping, men, and th'vnexhausted vaines  
 Of our \* Cantoors, the Sinewes by which warre  
 Supported is, and Kingdomes strengthned are.  
 Our Carbins mounted on their Frieseland Steeds  
 Are matchlesse prest at all assayes and needes.  
 Our Foot are braue well disciplin'd to fight,  
 Equall to th'ancient Greekish *Phalangite*.  
 Our Magazins are filled with Munition,  
 Stuffed with store, and swelling with prouision,  
 Besides our Ships now Dockt within the Ports,  
 Our mouing Bulwarkes, and our flying Forts,  
 Like to the Persian Fleet obscure the skie,  
 Shadow the earth, and with their wings can flye,  
 Forth from those Seas, that beat on Amsterdam,  
 Vnto the farthest Straights of *Magellan*,  
 To the Moluccoes, Ginee, and that shore,  
 From whence Castile transports her golden Oare,  
 With which shee buyes false hearts, and doth vnlocke  
 The strongest gates without *Bellonaes* shooke.  
 Then like to braue *Tuiscoes* sonnes let's arme,  
 And chuse the leſſe, to shun the greater harme.

Three free  
Common-  
wealths, and  
so acknowled-  
ged.

Exchequers, or  
Treasuries.

*Tuisco* the fa-  
ther of Dutch-  
men.

With this both parties leaue their parling words,  
Both Arme, and fall to right deciding Swords,  
By which as by their Peeres they meane to trie  
Which side should haue the lawfull victorie.

The Spanish Galeouns which vnrigg'd had lyed  
Euer since our farre-fam'd *Eliz<sup>e</sup>* dyed.

*Ships of warre* Those great\* Armadaes which for England stood  
In Eightie eight, and like some Sea-borne wood,  
Coasted from Plimmouth to that narrow Sound,  
Where *Neptunes* surge from Dunkirke doth rebound;  
When *Howard*, *Crosse*, and *Hawkins* did repell  
That Westerne storme, which on our Regions fell,  
Commanded are to take the curled Maine  
Of foamy *Neptune*, and to entertaine  
The Hollanders with their broad-sided Tyres,  
Like *Aetna*, spuyng forth infernall fires.

*Tertio in Spanish signifies a Regiment.* The \*Tertioes old, which Garison'd did lye  
In Naples, Sicill, and in Lumbardie,

In the Maiorcan, and Sardinian Ile,  
Once \* famous for the Carthaginians foyle,  
Receiue strict orders, and most strong commands  
To passe th'Alpes, and towards the Netherlands,  
With running Marches for to bend their course,  
*Albertus* Armie there to reinforce.

Nor doe the Dutch like Lethargists secure,  
Sleepe being prickt, but doe their minds inure  
To all preuentions, policies, and care,  
By which they may *Castiles* attempts out-dare,  
And giue the checke to all their proud designes,  
Their fearefull plots, and dang'rous new-sprung Mines;  
And since vpon defence that people stands,  
Which dwells within the watry Netherlands,  
Committees chosen are to view the Ports,  
Their Sconces, Townes, and all their frontier Forts,  
From Rayse, and Embrick, and those Easterne Verges,  
Where Rhine doth meet with Issells billowing surges,  
Vnto the Rammekins, Flushing, and Briels head,  
Seated vpon the Westerne Oceans bed.

*Read Linie, lib. 23 about the end.*

The like they doe to Groningue on the North,  
And all that bending Frontier, which runnes forth,  
From cold East-Friseland, and \* Ems frozen face,  
Southwards to Waal, and Brabant bordring Mase.  
Those full-mouthd Canons, which at Newports field  
Inforc't th' *Albertine* Regiments to yeeld,  
And with their \* Tarlin shot discharged sure,  
Made the Sand-hills a common sepulture  
For those hote bloods, which neuer could agree,  
Nor sympathize in congruous qualitie,  
New mounted are, and ready for to make  
Vpon their foes a second Flanders Slate.

Their high-proofe Armours for their temper equall  
To \* Millans making, and to Siras metall,  
Their Corslets strong, in which their armed Pike  
Immured stands prepar'd to saue or strike,  
Swords, Carbins, Muskets, Instruments of fire  
New furbisht are, to wreake their thundring ire.  
Their winged Ships, the glory of their Armes,  
From whom th' Iberians haue receiu'd such harmes,  
Famous for their Sea-fights made neere the Kay  
Of rich Saint Lukars, and t' Hanannaes Bay,  
New calked are within their ouzie Dockes,  
T' encounter Castiles, and fierce Neptunes shockes.  
And since that those Laconian walls of bones,  
More stronger are then Rampierd Earth or Stones.  
And since that all defensiu'e meanes are fraile,  
If Maniples of armed Souldiers faile,  
They send for reinforcements and supplies  
From England, Scotland, France, and their Allies,  
\* T' Heluetian Cantons, and those German Peeres,  
Whom *Austriac's* greatness fills with iealous feares.  
Thus *Belgia* being arm'd, and thus prepar'd,  
For selfe-defence against Inuasions made;  
Orders were giuen to their trayned Bands  
Of Horse and Foot their choyce st \* Veteranes,  
When as that dreadfull storme began to fall,  
Which menaced the vnited Belgians thrall,

The riuers  
Ems diuideth  
East and West  
Friseland.

Cases of Tin  
filled full of  
Musket bullets

At Millan and  
Siras are ex-  
ceeding good  
Armors made,

Switzerland.

Veterane sig-  
nifies an old  
Souldier.

To

To take the Mase, and swallow swifter Rhine,  
 In their Samroses forc't with horse and wind  
 Against the current of that purling flood,  
 Which neere \* Brisach leaves Danowes neighbourhood,  
 And runnes along from out his Mountaine source,  
 Vnto the Ocean with a Westerne course.

*Brisach, a small town in Switzerland.*

*The Rhine.*

The Randeuow's appointed neere the Bankes  
 Of Wahal,beating on the Southerne flankes  
 Of Skenk-Sconce, where this prince of German torrents  
 Diuides it selfe into two seu'rall currents,  
 And angry roaring runnes into the Sea,  
 Because the Land parts Wahals company;  
 Which to reuenge,when Winter once doth frown,  
 He yearly doth the \* Betowes Surface drowne.

*A part of Guelderland, lying neere the Rhine.*

The time when as our braue Battalions met,  
 Was when the Sunne in Virgoes lap doth set,  
 When mortalls Ceres inne to make them bread,  
 And presse downe Bacchus fruits with clusters redde,  
 Twas Augusts moneth, ere the Nassauians marcht  
 To Grauenweert, or Spaniards counter, marcht  
 From Flanders, and from \* Walchland, where are spunne  
 The finest Cambricks by the Belgian Nunne.

*The Wallonian Countries.*

Then after three dayes in that Station spent,  
 Wherein we lookt for Frislands Regiment,  
 And th' Amber-tressed Frisons being come  
 From Franekaa; and from their Northren home,  
 Through Issels Channell to that necke of land,  
 Where all our Ships, and all our Troupes did stand.  
 Our Drummes doe sound a March, our Ensignes flie,  
 And with their Serean colours beate the skie,  
 Our men dismarch, and passe Rhines slimie ridge  
 Vpon their \* Punted-new-compacted Bridge.

*Made of Punts.*

Thence leauing Eltan on the left hand file,  
 After the passage of a German mile,  
 Wee doubled Embricks Turrets mounted high,  
 Which opposite to famous Cleene doe lie.

From thence we came to \*Dornicks Champion fields,  
 Which store of Corne, and Pulse abundance yeelds,

Where

*Dornicks, a small village in Cleveland.*

Where we dislodg'd West-Cleuelands sturdie Boores  
 From house and home, and fed vpon their stores.  
 That day th' Heauens powr'd cataracts of showers  
 Forth of *Aquarius* Tempest-breeding bowers  
 Vpon those Sands, whercon with tyred pace,  
 Our bodies did the storne it selfe out-face.

So that not onely our \* *Besonies* faint  
 With this disgust, which did our Squadrons taint  
 With following Feuers, Agues, and Catarrhes,  
 With Leaguer Murraines, forced from the Iarres  
 Of angrie Nature; but th'old *Phalangites*,  
 The best Muskettiers, and the brauest Pikes,  
 Whom neuer showers of bullets could affright  
 At Newport, Ostend, nor ar Turnholts fight;  
 Amazed with this Tempest, make a stand,  
 Vpon the Surface of the tyring sand,  
 And leane vpon their bended knees and armes,  
 Disconsolate for selfes, and others harmes.

So that if euer *Conans* warlike hoast,  
 Pursued at large from th'Aquileian coast,  
 By *Theodosius* Reuenge breathing rage,  
 Whō floods of blood, nor slaughtred heaps could swage,  
 Being led by that bold *Brittans* sure command,  
 Through rich Italiaes tract, and Galliaes Land,  
 To that sweet shoare, which opposite doth lie  
 Vnto the Clifffes of *Charles* blest *Brittanie*,  
 Had euer day, wherein the storming skie  
 Distill'd his anger on mortalitie.

If euer that time-honour'd *Bhalanx* had  
 A day tempestuous, ominous and sad,  
 When they retyr'd aboue two thousand miles,  
 Maugre the Persians force-supported wiles;  
 From that high land which lies beyond the Verges  
 Of pearld Euphrates Arrow-swifter surges,  
 Vnto the bankes of Euxin, and that flood  
 Of Phasis, where free Trapizond then stood.  
 If e're (I say) they suffered Heauens frowne,  
 In cataracts of stormie shewres powr'd downe,

Fresh water  
Souldiers.

Concerning  
these two long  
Retreats, read  
Sir Walter  
Rauleighs Hi-  
story of the  
World.

Our men did then indure as much or more,  
Then euer Greeke or Britton did before.  
In that dayes March, wherein their eyes might see  
Griefe striue with paines, paines with varietie,  
Contending which should haue the leading place,  
Amongst our bands that hardly now could pace.  
For there you might behold the Curacier,  
Who neuer did the flaming Pistoll feare.

*Carbins, taken  
figuratiuely  
for them who  
carry this  
weapon.  
A stand.*

*A Galliard  
found out by  
Pyrrhus, re-  
sembling the  
order of mar-  
ching.*

Heere you might view the \* Carbins belching fire,  
The Pike-men stout, and Musketiers to tyre;  
And like some Ship stockt in the Lybian sands,  
To halt it oft, and often to make stands.  
There you might marke the French and Lukar walls,  
Two warlike Nations prest at Mars his calls,  
Who better can indure the scorching heat,  
Then dropping showres, and sense-benumming wet,  
From the Vangard vnto the Reare cast backe,  
Their marching pase, and \* Pirrbicke-Galliard slacke.  
Heere you might see a Voluntier lacke breath,  
Whom Honour had inforc't to seeke out Death  
In forraine Climates, whose sad destin'd lot  
The Aire did cause, yet seem'd to weepe thereat.  
Nor was the sowre tempestuous frowning night  
More cheeresfull to vs, then this first dayes light:  
But being Twinnes, and brethren of one birth,  
They both alike inflit the groaning earth,  
Both light and darknesse ioyne their seuer'd hands,  
To powre reuenge vpon our weakened bands.  
For after that our Squadrons quartered were,  
Thirst was their drinke, sharpe hunger was their fare  
Their Helmets were the pillowes for their heads,  
Their glistring Corslets were their Iron beds,  
In which like Basans King, they sleepe, and dreame  
Of nothing else but their afflictions Theame.  
Your shaggie straw more precious was then downe  
Then softest plumes; for which men robbe the ground,  
Despoyle the Floods, and search the Christall skie  
For these light Emblems of their vanicie,

That

That so they might lodge in that various shell,  
Wherein the plants and featherd fowles did dwell.

Our Gallants then wisht for their Mistresse Chamber,  
Perfum'd with vnctious Nard, with Muske and Amber,  
Who crosse the Germane Sea to drinke a \* Fanne,  
And learne the Postures of a Leaguer Canne,  
Who for their Honors march vpon their Steed,  
When brauer men vpon their feet must speed,  
Clad all in Roabes of that new Scarlet Die,  
Which to the Tyrian is but mockery.

Fanne is foure  
Cannes.

But when we must some wall or Rampier open,  
Or some strong Port by Petards to bee broken,  
When fights are to bee made, and men releu'd,  
In Trench or Sconce, their courage then is stecu'd:  
Their pendant Valour falls into their heele,  
Before they doe the Sword or bullet feele.

Yet these mock-Souldier Gallants hauing spent  
Three or foure moneths with feare and languishment  
In some old Captaines Hutt, who knowest to drill  
Them of their Coyne, and his owne purse to fill,  
Returne to London, where in euery street  
You may these plum'd and Cassockt Souldats meet;

Where, aske what newes: they'l tell you they haue scene  
The bloody Leaguer, and the deaths of men:

They'l sweare th'ave been at Bergen, and that fight,  
Which Mansfield made \* in fenced Namurs fight,  
And talke of nought but Orders, Postures, Motions,  
Whereof themselues haue scarce the verball notions.

At Flemrie,  
neere to Na-  
murs.

Thrasonian braues compar'd with Souldiers braue,  
Who make the field their house, their bed their graue,  
And scorne to speake of what themselues haue done,  
That so they may the Braggarts Stigma shunne.

Nor were these glorious puffes the men alone,  
Which curst the warres, and wisht themselues at home,  
But other Capuan Souldiers, Carpet Knights,  
Who with their Crownes had bought out merits rights,  
And in the time of that long twelue yeares peace,  
Wherin like Iades they liu'd in pomperd ease.

Procured had some Office of command,  
By bribing gifts, and juggling vnder hand:  
These men whom meanes, not merit had erected,  
With this disastrous night were much dejected,  
And their crest-fallen courage did sinke downe  
Lower then th'Earth on which they lodg'd vpon,  
Cursing the day, wherein their fathers crownes  
Had made them vassalls to Bellonaes frownes.

The Moone.

But after that \* the siluer horned Planet,  
Which hid her head like some declining Comet  
In that fell Tempest, had vnloosd her Carre  
In Latmos Mount, and that the Sunne from farre,  
Mounting his Steeds in our Horizons poynē,  
Inlightned had the darksome firmament.

Our men like to the Solar opening Flower,  
Fresh courage tooke, fresh comfort in that howre,  
Wherein bright Phœbus with his cheerefull face,  
Began to runne the Zodiacks Westerne race.

Our Guards were then vpon th' Aduennes set,  
Fires kindled were, and forrage store was fet,  
Prouisions by Direction were sent downe  
From Skenk's strong Sconce, & Embricks rampard towne,  
Besides the ships wherein the baggage went,  
Were to the durtie Dornicks quarters sent,  
Wherein the Souldiers did receive supplie  
In this first ingresse to necessitie,  
Of those sad wants, which Custome knowne became  
Another Nature, to their Vertues fame.

Heere our Battalions did some three months lie,  
Prest with the terrors of Mortalitie,  
With Lice, with Hunger, and vncestant Raine,  
Which fill'd the Rhine, with all the bordring plaine.  
Our men were shopt vp in those Barnes and Cells,  
Wherein the Milke-sop Cleuaes Peasant dwels,  
Where like some fleecie fold with hurdles pent,  
We past our time in pining languishment:  
And in that \* Leaguer was our patience knowne,  
More then our active Valour e're was showne:

*Aduenne*, signifieth a pas-  
sage.

Signifies a  
standing  
campe.

For hauing spent the reliques of that store,  
 Which was prouided by th' vplandish Boores,  
 And after that rich Embricks fertill plaine  
 Dismanteld was of trees, of corne and graine  
 By our Forragiers, who did better know  
 To cut, then plant; to reap, then till or sowe.  
 Our Conuoyes then did for their forrage poast  
 Beyond the Riuier to that Southerne coast,  
 Where stately Cleeue vpon a Mountaine stands,  
 Which all the Frontier thereabouts commands.  
 We marcht neere Goffe and Zantams new built walls  
 For straw and fewell at our Drums sad calls,  
 Where the proud \* Genoan Marquesse then did lie  
 With his best Horse, and choyce Infanterie,  
 To stop our passage, and th' attempts to breake  
 Of the Nassauian Squadrons, now growing weake  
 With a disease, which in their Troupes did raigne,  
 With franticke fits, with sense-confounding paine:  
 Which fierce contagion did not onely touch  
 The French, or Scots, our English, or the Dutch,  
 But spread it selfe, like to some broken ball  
 Of sulphrous wild-fire through our Quarters all,  
 From Eltam where Cleeues Votaries did wunne,  
 Southwards to Greets, and towards the rising Sunne,  
 Where Raise being iealous of the bordring foe,  
 Her horned Workes, and Rampiers new doth show.  
 Neuer that Simois. neere intrenched troupe  
 With pestilence did more infected droupe,  
 When Phæbus moon'd for \* fayre Chriseis Rape,  
 Whom Atreus sonne to's lust did captiuate,  
 Darted his wrath vpon those Grecian Bands,  
 Which would not yeeld to Chriseus faire demands.  
 Neuer the Plague wrought a more direfull bane  
 In Salems Citie, when Pessasian  
 With his Pretorian Cohorts did surround  
 Mount Sions walls, and that more sacred ground  
 Whereon the Temple stood, proud Asiae wonder,  
 Whose spired crest Osiris vaile did sunder,

*Spinola, a Ge-  
nouese by  
descent.*

Concerning  
this plague,  
read Homer  
the first of the  
*Iliads.*

Read *Iosephus  
Bello Iud. lib.*

Then our weake Troupes were with this murraine prest,  
 Whose furie did our Cohorts all infest,  
 And like some sad *Mephitis* pierst their vaines,  
 Procuring death with fierce tormenting paines.  
 Some Regiments which could two thousand shew,  
 When wee first marcht vnto the Randeuow,  
 Could scarce fiftie hundred of that number tell,  
 Excepting those, who by this sicknesse fell.  
 Some Companies whose Squadrons were compleat  
 Full sixescore strong, when we at *Skensks-Sconce* met,  
 Could not a Tertian of that List produce,  
 Fit for the Seruice, and Imployments vse;  
 Those that did liue could scarce intombe the dead,  
 Nor giue due rights to them that perished:  
 Those that were sound could not attendance giue  
 Vnto the feeble, nor the sicke relieue.  
 In eu'ry place was nought but desolation,  
 Skie-piercing cries, and fearefull lamentation:  
 Vollies of Shot a fatall Dirge did sing,  
 Which echoing from th' adjacent *Rhine* did ring,  
 Whose Golgotha banks became one vaulted tombe,  
 Inclosing heapes within their spacious wombe,  
 Amongst which \* Carnage grim-fac'd death did stalke,  
 And on these Trophees did triumphing walke,  
 Wishing her hand with one all-killing blow,  
 Might all our Legions to th' Infernall throw.  
 Some for this cause did blame the blameleffe Lawes  
 Of potent Nature, and condemn'd that cause,  
 A law amogst Which by some iealous \* *Oestrocisme* might banish  
 the *Athenians*, These Spirits from this world, and cause to vanish,  
 by which they Those Seats of valour, that stupendious frame  
 banished great men. Vnto those Elements from whence they came.  
 Others againe did curse false Galens Art,  
 And our Campestrian Leaches, who doe part  
 The quintessentiall Spirits of trees and plants,  
 Of Stones and Mettalls: and supply the wants  
 Of feeble Nature with their Fomentations,  
 With their Elixars, Iulips, and Purgations,

Signifies the  
slaughter, or  
mortalitie of  
men.

Who

Who giue their patients some *Æsopian* pill,  
 As they pretend, by which their bags they fill  
 With *Perues Gold*, and with *Arabiaes* wealth,  
 Themselves being impotent, deuoyd of health,  
 Troubled with Coughs, with Agues, and Catarrhs,  
 With Dropsies, Gowts, with those intestine Jarres,  
 Which from distemperd humours doe procecd,  
 When they deficient are, or doe exceed.

But all in vaine; for 'twas the firme decree  
 Of that all-changing, vnchang'd Deitie,  
 VVhose purpose through defects doth neuer alter,  
 All potent, because impotent to falter,  
 VVhose power is such, that in a twinkling eyc,  
 It can consume large-spread mortalite,  
 Not being tyed to Fortune, Fate, or Chance,  
 Gods onely knowne through mans meere ignorance;  
 'Twas hee that strucke with his all-powerfull hand,  
 Which checks the roaring Sea, which rules the land,  
 Our suffring Troupes, whose Valour oft had scapt  
 The Canons shot, and murdring Muskets fate.  
 'Twas hee that made those fields a common graue  
 For th'English, Dutch, and all those Nations braue,  
 Who scorning peace, themselves to warres did wedde,  
 And chusing those deceas'd in Honours bedde.  
 But ere that this contagion was full spread,  
 Or that his force had got a \* Lernean head,  
 About Saint Michaels day, th'Archangels feast,  
 Fame bruited had, that from the bordring East,  
*Liguriaes* glory, and proud *Genoaes* pride,  
 Great *Spinola*, for's Fortune Deifide  
 By the Saint-making Conclave, was falne downe  
 From Weezels walls, to Goffe and Zantoms Towne,  
 And that his Troupes with more then Spanish hast,  
 Vpon their Pnats the pearled Rhine had past,  
 Threatning to powre forth their long cankred ire,  
 In dreadfull stormes of Bullets, Sword, and fire.  
 This rumour first was grounded on the voyce  
 Of Fames \* *Engastronists*, the vulgar noyse;

*Hidrass head.*

VVho

\*Are those pro-  
perly so called,  
who speake out  
of their bellies.

Who trumpet out for londresounding Fame,  
 Things not done for things done, and make the same  
 Which but appearing was, apparant true  
 To the deceiued worlds deceiuing view:  
 Who taking it, this Marchandise doth sell  
 To those Retaylors, whose broad eares doe dwell  
 In Tauernes, Barbers shops, and publike Marts,  
 Wher lyces are sold to hollow Spungeous hearts,  
 For Beere, for Wine, and that curst Indian weed,  
 Whereon these puffs of noueltie still feed.  
 But this report high mounted on the wing,  
 In our Dornician Tents did forthwith ring,  
 And came to Nassawes honourable Count,  
 Whose Counsell doth Spaines policies surmount;  
 Who like to Argus with his hundred eyes,  
 Attends the designes of their Mercuries,  
 Of their Proteian Enginges of State,  
 Whose subtilitie doth seeke to master Fate:  
 Hec straight growes icalous, that this great Brauado  
 Might turne at length to some nights Camisado;  
 Or that the daring foes might courage take,  
 And our Disasters might them animate  
 T'incounter in Campania with our Bands,  
 Which now began to languish of all hands.

For these respects hee fortifies at Greets

The Curtin is Close to the Riuier, which the \* Curtin beats;  
 that part of the Then opposite to Embrickē builds a Fort  
 wall, which runs in length Commanding all the South and Westerne Port:  
 from one An- Besides, he Reinforcements sends to Raise,  
 gle to another. And sets strong Guards vpon the neighb'ring wayes,

Whose wide Meanders give a passage free

Vnto th'incursions of that enemy,  
 Whose malice hath long sought by Romes aduice,  
 Ouer these Cantons free to Monarchise.

Nor so the Prince doth rest, but takes th'Alarmac,  
 Giues order to the Squadrons all to arme,  
 And drawes them into Battaille on that plaine,  
 Which from the Campe respects \* Beotes Waine.

This field lay  
 to the North-  
 ward of the  
 Leaguer.

This

This Phalanx first did stand vpon a line  
 Whose depth was one aboue the perfitt nine.  
 His steeled front which fac'd the rising Sun  
 From pointe to point three thousand yards did run,  
 Wherein each troupe, with all the diff'rent nations  
 Imbattail'd stooode, and ranged in their stations.  
 The Vanguard our victorious English had.  
 With their red crostied Ensignes, Cecill ladde  
 Those Regiments, whom Gulicke once did see.  
 Chiefe in command'e are th' English Infantrie.  
 When England, France and Holland did combine  
 For Brandenburge, and did their forces ioyne  
 T'impeach the Spaniard'e, and to breake that plet  
 By which he Cleeue with Insiers after got.  
 Neere him with equall distance \* Yeare doth stand,  
 Who in Horatios absence did commauade  
 Those hardie Cohorts, which had often tried  
 The Iberians force, and all their Braues defied.  
 Next Ogle rangd his bands, that Martiall Knight,  
 Famous for Ostends siege, and Newports fight,  
 Where he preuaild both with his sworde and parling,  
 And shewd himselfe both Mars and Hermes darling.  
 Close vnto these vpon the left hand flanke  
 Great \* Leisters son marcht in the forme of ranke,  
 VVhose courage longd to reuenge Sidneyes blood  
 Spilt neere to Zutphen for our Unions good.  
 The battell by that nation was tooke vp.  
 VVho Ness's streames, and Fyndornes water sup;  
 VVith these were ioynd their antient fast Alices  
 VVhose native soile twixt Some and Garroun lies.  
 The French commauanded were by Chatillion.  
 By Hotterine and Curtimeers brave baron.  
 The Scots were Brogues and Hindersons sole chardge,  
 VVhose honour death at Bergen did inlarge,  
 VVhere he being shot gaue vp his glorious soule  
 Into his hands, who Armies doth controale.  
 The reare consisted \* of those warlike bands,  
 VVhich dwell in Bearnes, and Basils Cantond lands,

Sir Edward  
Yeare Lieute-  
nant Colonell  
to Sir Horatio.

My Lord  
Liste.

The Scots and  
French had  
the middle  
battell.

The Suitzers  
and the Dutch  
had the Reare.

Of the long tressed Frisons, and the Dutch  
 VVhom Countries loue and libertie doth touch  
 VVith an inflamed Patriots burning zeale,  
 Whose thoughts tende all vnto the publike weale.  
 Besides this list there were of Voluntiers  
 Braue numbers, and of brauer martiall Peeres,  
 Who for religions cause, for honours sake  
 Had left their dearest deares, to vndertake,  
 The wargods seruice : here *Essex* his Counte  
 Appearcs as Leader in the forn oft frounte:  
 With him marcht he, that Hollands title beares  
 Amongst the liste of our illustrious Peeres,  
 And *Hopton* too, whom let me not forget,  
 Borne in the fields of flowerie Sumerset)  
 My friend and fellow both in Armes and Arts:  
 Wit the sweete tune of which harmonious parts,  
 Thou dost inforce my selfe, my muse, my loue  
 Tadmire their worths inspired from aboue.  
 Thee vast *Herciniaes* woods, and *Isters* bedde  
 Swift Albis current, and the Neckars heade,  
 Know and resound their Panegiricke layes.  
 Which blazon forth thy fame deserving praise.  
*Brunswicke* the scourge of that Monasticke frie,  
 Herelikewise marcht with our Infantry,  
*Mountgomrie*, *Chatillon*, and diuise more,  
 From Almaine, France and cold\* *Albaniae* shoare,  
 Whose boiling bloods did long to trie their might  
 Against the Marques in plaine open fight.  
 But long they might, for that \* *Ligurian Foxe*,  
 Meant not to trie *Bellonaes* bloody knocks,  
 Nor to decide with dinte of trenchaunt blade,  
 The titles right, which Spaines grand Monarch made  
 Vnto these Lands, o're which as *Charles* heire  
 Neere Nauncy slaine he claimes to domineere.  
 For though some numbers of the Spanish haast,  
 Had past the Riuier from the farther coast  
 Tinfest our men with inroades and Alarmes,  
 Resolued still t'affroant all hostile harmes;

Scotland

Marques  
*Spinola.*

Read the  
history of the  
Netherlands  
pag. 119.

Yet

Yet still the Marques with his standing Campe  
 Neere vnto Zantum did himselfe incamp,  
 Whose Parties oft with our forragiers meeete,  
 Which sometimes beaten were, and sometimes beate.  
 Amongst the rest *Grane Henricke* passing Greets  
 With *Brunswicks* Duke, and his own Guidon meets  
 With foure braue \* Cornets of *Albertus* side,  
 Whom our men saw of them being vndescryed.  
 For that same morne the wind blowing South and west,  
 Sent forth a vap'rous fogge, and friendlie mist  
 From th' Aeolian closets, which obscurd the skie  
 So that things neere you could not well descry:  
 Whiche either vnseene to the vision were,  
 Or els their shapes selfe bigger did appeare,  
 The vapour darkening that transparent light  
 Whereby the Species conuoyed is to sight.  
 Besides the couert of a rising ground  
 Did so the prospect of these Troupers bounde,  
 That till the Prince was from their danger free,  
 They did not once his glistring Cornet see.  
 Which had they seene, not all fat Hollands store  
 Grown rich with Perues wealth and Indiaes oare,  
 Not Ginees gold, nor all those precious graines  
 Which Orenoque laues from Guianaes vaines  
 Could haue redeemd his life, nor set him free  
 Fro n certaine death, or sure Captiuicie.  
 Their odds was great, yet *Brunswicke* cryes to charge,  
 And bids our Pistols and Carbins dischardge  
 Their murdring shot against the \* Reisters frount  
 Which foure to one our numbers did surmount.  
 But the *Nassauian* *Grane* aduising flight  
 To be far safer then vnequall fight,  
 Strait gives the checke to \* *Halberstads* desire  
 And makes his armed Curaciers retire:  
 Since no dishonour tis our backs to show  
 Where opposition needes must overthrow.  
 But in this space some \* Conuoyers of our side,  
 VVho stragling neere the Counts ingagement spied,

The colours  
which horse-  
men beare.

Dutch horse  
men.

The Duke of  
*Brunswicke* is  
also Bishop of  
*Halberstat*.

Those who  
conducted the  
Conuoy.

Ran pricking on the spurre, and voic'd it out  
 In the Mauritian quarters roundabout.  
 That either he and Brunswicke both were slaine,  
 Or else that both were prisoners made to Spaine.  
 This rumour posting swifter then the winde,  
 VVith winged speede doth pierce the Princes minde,  
 VVho like some Paphian consecrated Doue,  
 VVhich mournes the losse or absence of her loue,  
 Suspecting this report, lamenting shares  
 His brothers chaunce with griefe and feeling cares:  
 VVith whom each Chiefe, each Souldier doth partake  
 And their selfe-griefes the Generals do make,  
 As when some dang'rous Rheume begotten Ache,  
 The roiall seate of reason doth attach  
 That part being troubled, where the life doth rest  
 The members all inferiour are opprest.  
 His steeled \* Legions weepe, his \* squadrons mourne  
 Their hearts, though danger prooef, for griefe do yearne,  
 VVhom neither feares nor terrors could surprise  
 The dreadfull bugs of staggring cowardise,  
 These loose their mirth, and that soule gladding light  
 VVhos cheerefull rayes do clarifie the sprite:  
 But yet not so they giue the raines to griefe,  
 That in this while their labour slackes releefe;  
 For forth they send their Curriers all in poast,  
 To search the Champions Rhine diuided coast  
 Mounted vpon their well breathd Couriers backs  
 VVhos Pegasean swiftnesse scorneth trackes.  
 Those Cornets braue, whose garrisons did lie  
 Next to the frountiers of their Enemie,  
 And therefore best acquainted with their fights,  
 VVith all their \* stratagems, and martiall sleights,  
 Are forthwith orderd to repasse the Rhine,  
 And towards the rescue to dismarch in time  
 Their bands of Ordinance, whose high prooef frounts,  
 Safeguard the persons of Nassauis Counts,  
 Commaunded are as seconds to the horse  
 VVith their best powers their power to reinforce,

A Legion is  
here taken for  
a Regiment: a  
squadron is a  
third part of a  
company.

Stratagem is a  
feats of warre.

But

But if ingagd to farre, then to retire  
 And like the \* Parthians backwards to give fire.  
 But marke th' euent : he skowring o're the waste  
 Of that large Champion with preventing haste  
 Meetes with those bands, which to the Rescue came  
 Upon the summons of his dangers fame  
 Close vnto Greets , where all arriuing safe,  
 Like some wrackes spaing mariners they laugh  
 At the remembrance of the danger past  
 Which not fore stald, was like to prove their last.  
 But although fortune fauour'd his retraite,  
 And saud the Counte, in that angustious straite:  
 Making this action happy by th' euent,  
 Yet no man can approue the president,  
 It being against the maximes of all warre,  
 For those who chieftaines in commandung are,  
 Without some waigthy cause their liues t' expose  
 Vnto t'hazard of th' incountring foes.  
 For thus enuirond with a Punicke traine,  
*Marcellus* Romes great Generall was slaine,  
 VVho retchles went that hillocke to suruayc,  
 VVhere ambushed the Carthaginian lay.  
 Thus *Bucquoie* famous for our vnions foile,  
 For *Pragues* rich conquest, and *Bohemias* spolie,  
 After the chance of sundrie battels past,  
 By *Gabors* troupes was vanquished at last,  
 By those Cossackes which warrelike Poland breeds  
 And t'Hassars fierce still mounted on their steedes,  
 VVhere he being pistoll'd by the barb'rous foe  
 Resignd the trophies of Pragues ouerthrow.  
 But though the purling dewe, the vapi'ous Aire  
 Did our ambiguous hopes refresh, repaire,  
 And *Henricke* sau'e : yet the malignant fire  
 Strait blighs this fruite of satisfied desire.      (qui'lls  
 VVhose flames being kindled through th' Aires secret.  
 His lodgings seazeth, and with terrorr fils  
 The quarters next where *Ogles Coborts* lay,  
 Making the night looke like another day.

The Parthians  
 when they re-  
 tired did vse to  
 shoote back-  
 wards, See  
*Plut. in vita  
 Antonii.*

Reade *Louise*  
*lib. 27.* about  
 the midst.

See the Impe-  
 riall historic  
 pag. 806.

The spoyle was great, for when the raging flame  
 Vnto those Innet Roomes with's furie came,  
 Precious nor priceles things were left vnspard  
 But both alike the common danger shard.  
 His Turkie Carpets of vnualued price,  
 Made of the Median silkewormes finest fleece,  
 His Arras cloaths wrought by the Belgicke Dame  
 The portraitures of true reported fame,  
 Where storied out you might suruay at large.

See the Lowe  
 Country histo-  
 ry pag 456.

Pag 863.

D'Aluaes intrenchment and the Reisters chardge,  
 Romeroes onslate, and the foule retreate  
 Made by these Almaines after their defeate.  
 Graue Williams life saud by a watchfull Curre  
 Th' Alarum taking from the Spaniards sturre,  
 Whoby that Wallouns hand was after slaine  
 Whom Rome had made an Assassine for Spaine.  
 On th'other side charakterd you might see  
 In liuelie formes of wrought Imagerie,  
 Counte Egmonds death, and Hornes vnworthy fate  
 Ostends long siege and Flaunders bloody slate,  
 The Barneueltine false Arminian plot,  
 Fast bound with Castiles subtle Gordian knot.  
 These mooucables with all his curious plate  
 Fitting the greatnessse of rich Nassawes state,  
 VVherein t'Hollandish Ganimed did skinke  
 That Rhenish Nectar which the Gods might drinke:  
 All these were spoyl'd by that consuming fire  
 VVhich on the Prince powrd forth his wreakfull Ire;  
 Nor so this burning Element doth rest  
 But spreddes it selfe, and farther doth infest  
 The stables, where his warrelike horses stood  
 Of Europes race, and Africks choicest broode.  
 The nimble Gennets comming from the maine  
 Of rich Granado, and the southerne Spaine,  
 From \* Bætis banks, and from that fertill shoare  
 Where Siuill doth vnlaide that Idold oare,  
 Which from her wealthy mines rich India sends  
 To Asiaes bounds, and Europes farthest ends.

*alias Guadal-*  
*quibir a great*  
*Riuier in*  
*South Spaine.*

His

His Turkie steedes bredde neere the slimie flowes  
 Of *Strimon*, which the rugged *Thracian* plowes ,  
 Neere *Hamus* mounte, and those high crested hil's  
 Whose melting dewe *Peneius* channell fills ;  
 Those stately coursers which *Barbaria* yeelds  
 From *Fezzes* pastures, and *Marocchoes* fields,  
 From paicht *Numidia*, and *Zanhagaes* bed  
 Which *South* from *Atlas* showes his rising heade  
 Were burned quite, or halfe dead, halfe alive,  
 Twixt life and death did in this conflict striue  
 Till life being vanquisht by all conqu'ring death,  
 They lost at once their torments and their breath.  
 Nor in this time the Spanish fire doth rest,  
 But malice fuell'd striues for interest  
 In *Juliers*, Cleaveland and the Flemish coast  
 Flaming reuenge with their most powerfull hoast :  
 For these desiegnes great *Spinola* doth lie  
 In *Cleuiae* fields, and keepes a still-fixt eye  
 Vpon our Legions, which began to breake  
 Their Summer station, with the pest-grown weake  
 And westward fell vnto that higher land  
 Which lyestwixt *Eltam* and *Rhines* checkerd strandes;  
 Twixt *Embricke*, and that *Sconce* which *Skenke* did frame  
 That so he might the doubtfull Cleuener tame,  
 In *Geldriaes* farthest confines, where the *Waal*  
 From *Rhines* current to *Mases* streme doth fall.  
 Another armie by stout *Borges* ledde  
 For's seruice great and linage honoured,  
 By which he claymes an equall ranke with them  
 Who shew *Madozaes* or *Toledoes* stemme,  
 And Grandoed are for their Donnized birth  
 Liuing like gods vpon the Spanish earth,  
 Beleaguers *Sluce*, and doth inuade *Caſaunte*  
 Which *Yperle* seuers from the Continent;  
 Where opposite to *Zealands* watrie land  
 And *Flushing*s seate this fortresse strong doth stand:  
 Famous for that far famed nauall fight  
 Which our third *Edward* made in *Sluces* fight,

A great  
Riuier in Bar-  
barie.

Two of the  
greatest fami-  
lies in Spaine.

When

When Phillip sent his sea Commaunding fleete  
 With our well rigged Argozies to meete.  
 Who grapling with our force their force withstood,  
 And bath'd their prowes in French and Flemish blood  
 Which issuing from the wounds of thousands slaine,  
 With's colour did th' Yperlian current stainc.  
 This towne a Cocke pitt was for Mars his game  
 Both parties striuing to possesse the same  
 VVith bloody successe of continuall warre,  
 VVhere those that conquer'd were, now conquerours are.  
 For when these States themselves did first vnite  
 To resist Philips force and D' Aluas spite,  
 And sought th' oppressed Netherlands to free  
 From the hard yoake of Castiles tirannie ,  
 Ere Anions Duke rich Antwerpe did Inuade,  
 Or stroue himselfe Lord Parament to make  
 Of wealthy Brabant, Isendike and Sluce,  
 Subiected were vnto the Vnions vse.  
 And so remaind till Parmaes duke possest  
 VVith generall power,his warlike troupes addrest  
 Vnto the conquest of this towne and Ile,  
 Which \* Williams kept and famous Baskerville,  
 Who for a season brauely did maintaine  
 This place besiegd,against the strength of Spaine,  
 Till by surrender they the same did yeeld  
 To the Castilians masters o're the field.  
 They kept this same vntill Serrano lost  
 It to th' Orangians,whose laborious cost  
 Regaind the towne,whilst that besiegd Ostend,  
 For thrice twelue months her bulwarks did defend.  
 By which aduantage that commanding fort,  
 Which so much did all Zealands good import,  
 Recouerd was,which now with might and maine  
 Inigo striues for Isabel to gaine.  
 For this project he drawes with speeding poste  
 From Antwerpe,Gaunte,from Bruges and Aloft,  
 From all those neighbour garrisons which bide  
 In fruitfull Flaunders, and in Brabants side.

Sir Roger  
Williams and  
Sir Thomas  
Baskerville,  
Reade the  
Netherlands  
historic  
pag 966.

Pag. 1616.

An Armie strong, which reck'ned by the List  
 Of thirteene thousand Souldiers did consist.  
 These vnder their *Burgonian* Ensignes marcht  
 Vnto the Leaguer, neere to Auguft last;  
 Where being come, like vndermining Moales,      (holes,  
 Which make their way through th'earths anfractuous  
 They draw their rowling Trenchestow'rds the mouth  
 Of the Towne Harbour, which from West to South  
 Giues a free passage to the Cities Key,  
 For Ships of burthen from the German Sea.  
 These with \* Meanders winding being cast,  
 And brought within fit distance at the last;  
 They raise their Platformes, \* Caualiers and Mounts,  
 Whose height the Bulwarks breast by farre surmounts,  
 Then plant their Cannon, whose *Promethean* fire,  
 Vpon the \* Rampier powres his thundring Ire,  
 Which with vncessant peales they still doe plie,  
 That so our men might not re-fortifie  
 The broken breaches, through whose ruin'd vault  
 They thought with ease the Bulwarke to assault.  
 Heere Bullets glancing from the batter'd wall,  
 Amongst a Squadron of Defendants fall,  
 Whose mangled limbcs, like men-shap't Meteors flic  
 Through th'horrid paths of the smoake-darkened skie.  
 Some other mounting o're the Souldiers head,  
 Meets with two Louers sporting in their bed,  
 Whose soules are hastned to th'*Elisian* shade,  
 Through that swift passage which the bullet made.  
 Here fiery balls from murd'ring \* Bombards shot,  
 And to their highest leuell being got,  
 Make the *Louanian* Students thinke from farre,  
 That *Phaeton* is new mounted in his Carre.  
 Nor doth our side their Shot and Powder spare,  
 But with thicke vollies beats the trembling ayre,  
 Which lighting on the *Iberians* workes much harme,  
 And with their blood the colder earth doth warme.  
 The Townes chife command *Vander Noet* did wield,  
 His honour'd sonne, whom *Newport* once beheld,

Crooked  
turnes.

A high worke  
of earth vpon  
which they  
plant Ordin-  
nance.  
A wall made  
of earth.

Great pieces of  
Ordinance.

To guard the Orangian Standart in that fight,  
 When warlike Maurice conquer'd Albert's might.  
 He like himselfe, and like his Fathers sonne,  
 Leaues nothing vnattempted, nought vndone  
 By which he might th'ingaged place maintaine  
 Gaint all th'attempts of right-pretending Spaine.  
 To farther this, the Pioners are bid  
 To raise new Platformes with the swiftest speed,  
 Our \* Gabions planted are, behind whose bulke  
 The smoaking Gunners with their Lintstockes lurke:  
 Our Ordinance new mounted is to batter,  
 VVhich Babes walls, or Ecbatanes would shatter.  
 The Companies are quartered in the Towne,  
 Or else without vpon the Sandie Downe,  
 Whose valour doth their Metall stiffe oppose,  
 To th'utmost perill of the brauing Foes.  
 But although our side iealous of the good  
 And publike safetie, to their tackling stood  
 With matchlesse valour; yet Inigoes force  
 Their courage, skill, and labour did inforce,  
 To purchase that Yperian peerelesse Gemme  
 Raught by the States from Flaunders Diadema;  
 Although that \* winde, which from Tartaria blowes,  
 From Rugeland, and Moscouias plashy flowes  
 Congealed had the Yperle, and the Liene,  
 And made their liquid armes and branches stiffe;  
 Yet still the Spaniards heated with the fire  
 Of Honour and Reuenge, did still aspire:  
 So that the Winters stormes, nor Natures threats,  
 Whose violence their hardie Legions beats,  
 Could once diuert their valour prest to die,  
 Or Spaniolize this Towne by victorie.

A Gentleman  
of a Company,  
who is to lyce  
upon his dutie.

Sometimes a \* Perdiu lodg'd vpon the face  
 Of Frost-bound Tellus, in that very place  
 VVhere hee was set, is by the Sergeant found  
 Frozen to death, and fastned to the ground.  
 Sometimes a Sencie to his Posture standing,  
 And from the Rounders Quiuula demanding,

Great baskets  
of earth.

The North-  
east wind.

Ere the last Round Colossus-like doth stand,  
With's ashie Pike congealed to his hand:  
Yet these disgusts of Nature ioyn'd with those,  
Which reuenge bandied from their Slusian foes,  
Could not enforce *Inigoes* Troupes to rise,  
Projecting still to gaine Sluce by surprise.

But when the Sunne with his All-cheerfull beames,  
Had thawed the paument of the Flemish streames,  
And that his *Phlegon* swich'd by speeding time  
Began t'approch that Heauen-diuiding line,  
Whose Zenith perpendicular doth stand  
Ouer the Sun-burnt Aethiopian land.

Eighteene braue Cohorts were from Zealand sent,  
With danger-daring Resolution bent,  
To cut the Dike, and that lowe Champion drench,  
VVhereon th' *Iberians* did themselues intrench.  
Then might you see that massie bounding frame  
(VVhose Rampier did the Rivers fury tame)  
Pierst through and through, and giue a free accessse  
Vnto the Floods, which made their swift addresse  
To this inlarged rupture: then the Moales  
Abandon'd quite their hollow vaulted holes;  
Conies their Burrowes, Hares their Formes forsooke,  
And their swift legges new postures vnderooke,  
Swimming along with men-deuouring Sharke,  
With Musick-loving Dolphins, scaly Carpes,  
With bearded Barbels, and that ruddy Fish,  
Whose Chines are set a' vp for a daintie dish

Vnto the Burgers, when their drunken\* Kirmish  
Invites their braines with Rhenish wine to skirmish.

This Deluge made the *Borgian* Bands retyre,  
Croft in the project of their proud desire;  
Because they Fayld both of Cazamet and Slace,  
Which they so long'd to gaine for *Philips* vse,  
But although *Borges* braue Designe was croft  
By wauering fortune, and his honour lost,  
Together with his Armies, pierst the heart  
Of *Isabella* with repining smart.

Is a Faise, or  
Reuell.

Yet *Vanderbercke*, who *Gulicke* did besiege  
With's Legions rais'd from *Naples*, *Spaine*, and *Liege*,  
Brought comfort to the Court, whose furrowed face  
Lookt frowning sad for *Slices* late disgrace.

Hee, whilst that *Maurice* with his feeble Troupes  
Incamp'd at *Dornicke*, and his Army droupes,  
Being prest with sicknesse, marcht vnto the Towne,  
And there entrencht vpon the bordring ground.

*Petban* commanded for the *Belgicke Peeres*  
As \*Archprefect, who for some fore-past yeares,  
The Cities Helme, and Dutchie both had steer'd  
For's loyall care, for's government vnfeard.

But now suspition mounted on the wing  
Of iust pretence, bred ialousies within  
Amongst our Captaines, whose well trained Bands  
VVere subiect to *Pithans* austere commands.

Hence sprung this cause, the wealthy *Juliers* Boore  
Had hoorded vp in his well furnish'd store  
Larger prouisions, which might well supply  
The pinching wants of our necessitie:

Whose foreseen pressure did begin to threat  
A Saguntine penuriousnesse of meat,  
The tainted storc prouisions being sold,  
By State-Commission, which the Towne controld.

Besides those Pastures where the \* *Roar* fills  
His slimie channell from the purling hills,  
Did swarne with Heards of that large *German* breed,  
Whose vse might full releeue the Cities need.

For this respect the *Gulikans* aduise  
Wauering *Pithan* prouisions to surprise  
From out the Champion, ere th'approaching foes  
Should stop the passage, and th'Aduenues close.

Good was the Counsch, but like verball winde,  
It tooke no root within th'unsetled minde  
Of *Gulickes* Gouvernour, whose wanting care  
From all defence our warlike Troupes doth bare.

For what out-daring death, selfe-lauish Sprite  
Can striue with hunger, or with famine fight?

Chief Gouvernour.

*Roar*, a great  
Riuier in the  
Dutchie of  
*Juliers*.

Then.

Then thus suppose you see surrounded round  
 Faire Gulicks walls, and that their Trenches bound  
 Close to the \* Rauelin, and those vtter workes,  
 Behind whose masse the stout Defendant lurkes.  
 Suppose you heare the dreadfull Cannon play  
 From their high-crested Platformes, and display  
 Strange characters of Death, whose sad aspect  
 Might terrour on Deaths second selfe reflect  
 Lifes lauishnesse, whose Adamantine heart  
 Meane terrors doe not moue, nor cause to smart.  
 Close to these brazen Trunks, the worlds last wonder,  
 True counterfeits of Iones amazing thunders,  
 Deaths prologue acts his part, the Musket sounds  
 Lowd summons vnto death, to blood and wounds.  
 Nor is this all wee suffer, famine raignes,  
 Cleannessse of teeth in euery street complaines;  
 Things horrid are devour'd, Dogs, Mice, and Rats,  
 Lowd croaking Toadpoles, hunger-starued Cats:  
 The Flemish Courser, and the Frisian Steed,  
 High pamperd for the Saddle now must feed  
 The Riders Colon, whose vnsatiate maw  
 Both against Reason, Nature, Customs Law,  
 Feeds on that flesh, whose living backe did beare  
 Himselfe through horrors mouth, through dangers feare.  
 Those high-fed palats, which not long since far'd  
 On Frislands fattest Fowle, Westphalines Lard,  
 Zealandish Salmon, and the wilde Boares haunch,  
 VVith which the richer Dutch doth cram his paunch  
 On soleinne Feast-dayes; these for want of meat,  
 Things vilifide and dunghil'd now must eat.  
 To redresse this our men their Spirits rally,  
 And resolute appoint a valiant sally,  
 By whose aduenture they might either die,  
 Or manumize themselues from penurie:  
 Since better'tis for Valour once to bleed,  
 Then still to feeble affliction vnder need.  
 In this conflict \* young Haydon doth appeare  
 More then himselfe, out-facing Fate and Fear,

An vtter work  
 commonly rai-  
 sed beyond all  
 other Fortifi-  
 cations.

Captaine John  
 Haydon.

And with his Pistoll arm'd, dischargeth sure  
With euery shot a certaine Sepulture  
To some blacke-visag'd Spaniard, who doth fall  
Neuer to rise, before the last dayes call.

Amongst the rest, one of the proudest foes,  
As Challenger himselfe in Combate shewes,  
Aduanc'd beforc the rest, and there defies  
Goliath-like his brauer Enemies.

This Spur-gall'd *Haydon*, who accepts the fight,  
And though vnarm'd, yet kills him in the fight  
Of both Battalions, then recharg'd falls backe,  
To answere him too with his Pistols cracke.  
But the Retreat now sounded, parts the fray,  
And our men disappoyned, cut their way  
With their well tempred Fauchins, to that gate  
From whence they made excursions but of late.  
This Salley past, wherein with doubtfull chance  
*Bellona* shew'd her grimme fac'd countenance,  
And all relieve \* portculliz'd from the Towne,  
By *Vanderbercks* Intrenchments, who sits downe  
Resolu'd to winne and weare, then courage droopes,  
And mourning valour vnto famine stoopes,  
Whose Bilboe-stealed poynt was farre more keene,  
Then Spaniards wrath, or *Vanderbercks* fierce spleene.  
These motiues urg'd a parle, both condiscend  
To this condition, and Committeees send  
As Delegates in trust, whose sound aduice  
The present difference might full compromise.  
Both parties being agreed, Count *Henrie* takes  
Reconquerd *Gulicke*, which *Pithan* forsakes,  
Who now dismarching through the Cokine port,  
Surrenders vp this hunger-conqu'ited Fort.  
To reaffront this losse, when first the Spring,  
To Winter-tyred mortalls ioy doth bring:  
When May first opens those selfe-named Flowers,  
Which Aprill blossomes with his pearled showers:  
*Nassauian* \* *Henricke* with selected Bands  
Of Horse and Foot, in fruitfull *Brabant* lands

Debard, or  
shut vp.

Henry of  
Nassau.

Neere

Neere to *Breda*, from whence his dreadfull Armes  
 Transported worke strange characters of harmes  
 In little *Brabant*; Famine, Sword, and Fire  
 Glutting Revenge fresh boyling with desire.  
 Some fiftie Dorpes were in a moment burn'd,  
 And their faire-fronted Edifices turn'd,  
 By the consumption of the raging flame  
 To that first Chaos, from whence first they came.  
 In midst of these Combustions *Henry* falls  
 Before well fenced, well mann'd *Herentals*,  
 Where seeking by Petarre to force the place,  
 Our wanting \* Van shew'd not that wanted face  
 Of ancient resolution, whose default  
 Debars the rest from \* *Herentals* assault.  
 Yet after this repulse, our Foot surprise,  
 Partly by force, partly by Compromise,  
 Two \* Sconces from the foes, whose trembling hands  
 Make good the Ports for *Nassau*s faire commands.  
 Besides our Horse a \* *Cavalgado* make  
 Close vnto *Brussels*, whose burnt Suburbs take  
 Impressions of our wrath; th' Archduchess sees  
 The frowning face of these sad miseries,  
 Yet cannot shee redresse them: for mans will  
 Projected resolutions cannot fill,  
 Without iust meanes of power, which Heauen sends  
 As Instruments t'accomplish humane ends.  
 Thus this incursion past, our men retire  
 Thorough the smoaking flames of *Brabants* fire  
 Vnto *Breda*, rewarded for their paines  
 With honours Crowne, and conquer'd Spanish gaines.  
 Nor thus alone the Land with slaughter bleeds,  
 But vnto *Neptunes* Maine *Bellona* speeds  
 With Engines of destruction, where shee stains  
 With streames of blood the Sea-gods watry plaines.  
 Those vast Armadaes, which commanded lay  
 Neere to *Baioun*, and *Saint Sebastians* Bay,

The Van-guard.

A Towne in  
little *Brabant*.

Little Forts  
much vsed by  
the Dutch.  
An Incursion  
of Horse.

Their

Their Galcouns houering neere to *Lisbones* walls,  
 Where *Tagus* into *Thetis* besome falls;  
 Their nimble Gallies slicing with their Oares  
 Those billowing waues, which beat on *Affrickes* shores,  
 Sometimes on th' Oceans Maine incountring meet  
 With *Amsterdams*, or *Flushings* warlike Fleet,  
 Which homewards bound from *Venice*, or *Ligorne*,  
 From *Scanderoon*, or *Egypt* rich in Corne,  
 Doe proudly plow the *Mediterran* Maine,  
 Swelling with profit, and full fraught with gaine.  
 Sometimes againe *Moy Lambert*, or *L'Hermite*,  
*Wilcks*, or fierce *Hugen* this losse requite;  
 Who trauersing those Seas, whose rougher Tide  
 From *Magedanu* Streights doth Northwest glide,  
 Neere to th' *Honduras* Gulse, *Domingoes* Ile,  
 Or the *Terceraes*, famous for the foyle  
 Of valiant *Strossy*, meet some Spanish Hulke,  
 Or some swift *Caruell*, whose full fraughted bulke  
 Is loaden with that rich \* *Potosian* Oare,  
 Which *Lima* sends from *Perues* wealthy shoare.  
 Sometimes againe neere the *Balsoran* Sound,  
 Or *Teneriffaes* pike, where Amber's found  
 Of th' highest price, some of their armed Ships  
 Encounter with some Carracke, whose strong ribs  
 Are ballast with those drugs, which *Chinaes* plaines  
 Send from their fruitfull Aromatique vaines;  
 Or with those Spices, which for barter'd Gold  
 Are by the \* *Iauans*, and *Molucooies* sold.  
 Amongst the rest great *Angolaes* Viceroy  
 For *Andaluſia* bound, with smiling ioy  
 Th' Atlantique Ocean cuts, and proudly sailes  
 Thorough the Maine, till some *Dutch* Sea-man hailes,  
 And bids him strike: then as th' *Hircanian* beast,  
 Whom the pursuing Hunter doth inuest  
 With's knottie Toyles, first seekes to scape the danger;  
 But that being vaine, he turnes his feare to anger,

And

At *Potosi* in  
*Peru* are most  
 rich Mines of  
 Gold.

The Inhabi-  
 tants of *Iaua*,  
 and the *Mo-  
 lucoes*.

A place in *A-  
 fricke*, subiect  
 to the *Portu-  
 gals*.

And fiercely coaping with th'incountering foe,  
Doth th'utmost deuoir of his courage shew.  
The Portuguese vnequall to sustaine  
The Flushingers encounter, plies amaine  
Both Helme and Yard, and forwards led by feare  
Swifter then any wind, doth nimbly steer  
Ouer the ridge of those high-breaking waues,  
Whose beating surge *Tercras* foreland lances.  
But this being labour lost, he turnes his head  
Vnto the combate with a side-wind sped:  
Then their Canoniers with the \* Carteridge ply  
Their great and lesser siz'd Artillery,  
Larboord and Starboord readie for the charge,  
Their Langrell, and their Crosse-barre shot discharge :  
The Muskettiers standing vpon a Range,  
Behind the West-cloaths doe their bullets change,  
*Granado* balls, from th'hand, or Bombard sent,  
With vaprous smoake obscure the Firmament:  
So that suruaying water, land, or ayre,  
Death, dread, and danger swarmed eu'ry where.  
The Sea-nimphs were afraid, and *Neptune* hid  
His forked Mase with feare astonished.  
The trembling Mermaidys did for horrour quake,  
As when th'inclosed winds the waters shake,  
Thinking *Prometheus* having broke those bands,  
Which manacled his Vultur-griped hands,  
And manumiz'd from his tormenting paine,  
Did imitate *Joves* Thunderbolts againe.  
But when that both sides to their close fights came,  
And tryed the last chance of this martiall Game,  
From out the Scuttle-holes spouted streames of blood,  
Which clotted on the curled Ocean stood,  
The Murderers from out their higher Tires,  
Discharged dreadfull flakes of sulphurous fires,  
Whose strong emissiuue power with Tarlin kill'd  
Whole hundreds, and with slaughtered carnage fill'd

F

Their

An Engiae  
which Guners  
vse to charge  
Ordinance.  
Great shot v-  
sed at sea,

Their vpper Decks, which stiaight blowne vp did flye  
Through the vast extent of th'inameld skie.  
But at the length the Portugalls pursued  
With danger of all hands, for Quarter sued  
Vnto the Dutch, who from the farthest South  
Th' Angelians brought to \* Scheldis watrie mouth,  
Inriched for their hazard with that Gold,  
Which heaped lay within that Galeounshold.

The Riuē of  
Flushing.



BELGIAES  
TROVBLES,  
AND  
TRIVMPHS.

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*The Second Booke.*

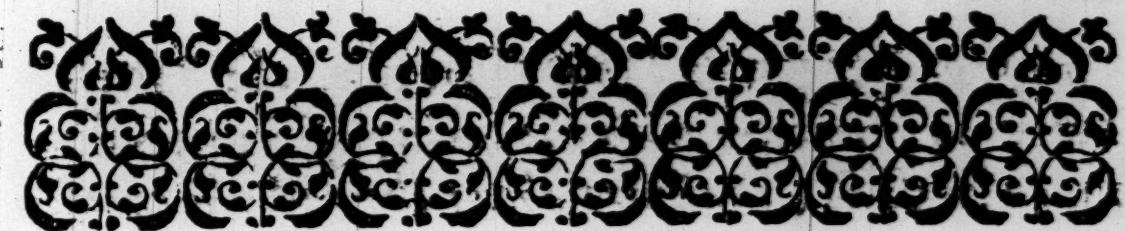
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WHEREIN ARE RELA-  
ted all the most famous Occurrences  
which haue happened in the Nether-  
lands, from the Ascension of our  
Saviour, 1622. vnto this pre-  
sent time, 1625.



LONDON,  
Printed by Augustine Matthewes,  
and John Norton. 1625.





TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, EDVVARD, LORD CONVVA Y, Baron of Raggely, and one of his Maiesties principall Secretaries of State,

And Sir HORACE VEARE, Col. Generall of the English in the Netherlands,  
WILLIAM CROSSE wisheth that,  
happinesse which they themselves desire.



Ight Honourable, your knowne loues  
to the United Provinces of the Netherlands, and their Cause, sealed by your  
Honours with the free expence of your  
deareſt blood, and the frequent hazard  
of your liues, haue besides those other  
motives of your knowledge, iudgement, and experience  
in Subjects of this nature, iuited mee to this Dedica-  
tion. The firſt Part of Belgiaes Troubles and Tri-  
umphs, belongs to the Earle of Essex, and my Lord  
Montioy; the ſecond part is conſecrated to your Hono-  
red ſelues: Both theſe are rather a Discouerſe, then a  
Poeme, as truly and Historically relating the moſt re-  
markable and time-neerer Employts, which haue paſſed  
betweene the Dutch and the Spaniards, in theſe laſt  
fourre yeeres Warres of the Netherlands. In this List,

the Siege of Bergen, and that of Breda, the Battels of  
Flewry and Statloo, with the taking of Saint Salua-  
dour in Brasilia, challenge above the rest the chiefest  
place and prerogative. The rest are minor gests, and  
deeds of lesse consequence, yet worthy for their worths to  
bee kept in the closet of Remembrance. In all chs as in  
a representing Glasse, you may see the mercie of God ex-  
tended from time to time to this Estate, first erected  
from the Inforcementes of the Spanish tyrannic, since  
supported by the Auxiliary meanes of the English,  
French, and Scots, and maintained at this present in  
that greatnessse, which the world sees and admires, by  
Policie, Power, and Religion. If publike censure bee as  
impartiall as is the Poeme, the Author shall thinke his  
endeouours fortunate: As for your Noble selues, he doth  
presunre upon the candour and integritie of your Esti-  
mations, undoubteably knowing, that you accept a mite  
as respectiuely as a talent, and esteeme the freedome of  
the Giuer, more then the value of the gift. Vpon this as-  
furance hee doth rest, and so doth for euer rest

Your Honours most  
deuoted Seruant,

William Crosse.



# BELGIA'S TROBLES AND TRIUMPHS.

*The second Booke.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

**I**N this second part continued from the Ascension of our Saviour, anno 1622, unto this present time, anno 1624, are contained a Description of our first Leaguer at Rees, With the killing of an Italian Captaine by Beaumont a Frenchman hand to hand. His Excellencies ascent to Gravenweert, and a Relation of a Camisado giuen by foureteene Troupes of the enemies Horse upon our quarters. Our march to the Bussle, and our retreat from thence. The siege of Bergen, and that famous Battell fought neere Fleury, betwene Count Maunsfield and Gonzalo de Corduba. The conspiracie of Barneveldts in serres, and other Arminians against the Prince of Orange. The Battell of Statloo, fought betwene Tilley and Bui swiche. The taking of S. Salvador. The Siege of Bieda, with the surprisall of Goffe by Charles Lambert.

**A**fter our Ticups had breath'd, and that the date  
Of that same least, which Morals consecrate  
To Christ's Ascension, had proclaim'd the Field  
To our Belgicke Troupes, with strength and courage steeld,  
\*Potents were sent forth, full sixe thousand poast,  
Upon their Summons from that nether coast,  
Of fertill Holland, to that higher land,  
Where Rees ore-lookes the billowing Rhenus Strand.

Orders of  
Command.

There

There safe arising, with the delving Spad:  
 New horned Workes, Intreachsenents new were made;  
 Behind whose breast they might them selues defend  
 From Vanderbercke, whose Argian eyes attend  
 Vpon our motions all, on each designe,  
 Which he still thwarting, seekes to countermine.

A Turnepike  
is a gate which  
giues entrance  
into the Camp

He seekes to gaine the \* Turnepike, and to force  
 Our Horse-guard led by Beaumont, who doth frount  
 The dreadfull shooke of this Italian brunt.  
 Him their Ligurian Leader hauing spied  
 By's waning Plume, and Armoar rich descried:  
 Come on, come on, quoth hee, let vs two trie  
 The doubtfull fortune of this Victorie;  
 Those Armes, that Plume shall be the Conquerors spoyle,  
 And honour'd marks of vanquisht Beaumonts foyle.  
 With this his spurr'd Calabrian Courser flies  
 Swifter then wind, and curuetting doth rise

Haspels are  
Engines made  
to throw down  
before the  
Turnepike,  
which point e-  
very way with  
pikes about an  
ell long.

Beyond the bristled \* Haspels, where they ioyne  
 Force vnto force this Combate to definie.  
 Not Almaine-like they wheel about at large,  
 But Poldron vnto Poldron, make the charge  
 With their death-belching Pistols, both which strike  
 With equall force, but fortune much vnlke.  
 For Beaumont lightly's wounded in the thigh,  
 T'other is slaine, and falls downe presently,  
 Whose carkeise after many mortall blowes  
 Recover'd is, recarried by the foes  
 Vnto the Campe, where they this chance lament,  
 Seal'd with the losse of one so eminent;  
 As alyed to the Marquesse, and for's Spirit,  
 Not dignified so much by Blood, as Merit.  
 After some month in this first Station spent,  
 Eight thousand more were by Prince Maurice sent  
 Towards Skenkes-Sconce; who doubling Arnhams walls,  
 Arriues at \* Grauenheert, and from thence falls  
 Ouer the Walb to those Southerne bankes,  
 Which Skenks-Sconce with his thundring Cannon flanks.

This Italian  
was Spinolas  
kinsman.

Otherwise,  
Skenkes Sconce

There

There being come, their Pioneers do raise  
 Strong \* Redoubts on the passage of those wayes,  
 Whose winding turnes ruane from the Cleuan hill  
 To those Intrenchments which our footebands fill.  
 Our horse without, and vnintrenched lay  
 With watchfull care safeguarding night and day,  
 Those small Batauian \* Dorps, whose verge extends  
 From Nimegham to Geldriaes Easterne ends.  
 This seeming shewd aduantage doth incite  
 Proud Vanderbercke the Reezian foile to quite,  
 With some fresh Camisade : for this designe  
 Some foureteene troupes passe o're that Apennine  
 Where Clezia stands, who couered by the night  
 And a still march, about the dawning light  
 Approach our vtter Sentries, and surprise  
 Them and the\* Rounders, whose sleepe sealed eyes  
 betray the rest; hence trauersing that way  
 Neere vnto which our Scotish horsegard lay,  
 These proud Burgonian Reisters forthwith finde  
 Balfour surpris'd in ods, but not in minde;  
 Who thus ingagd receiues the dreadfull shocke  
 Of these swarte Rutters, rendring knocke for knocke:  
 Till at the length dismounted he doth yeeld  
 Vnto the stronger, who thence scourd the field  
 After his Cornet, which retiring flies  
 Couerd with fire, opprest with Enemies,  
 And on the station of our Footeguards fell  
 Whose Muskettiers these Carbins straight repell.  
 For now from eu'ry side th'Alarum takes,  
 And each man to the battell Champion makes,  
 Where nought was seene vpon the bloody plaine  
 But batterd armes, and carkeisses new slaine.  
 The losse was like, for our men did surprise  
 The \* chiefe conductor of this enterprise  
 With a Burgonian Captaine; of our side  
 Balfour was tae'n, and Weimars Duke lyes by't,  
 Vntill some better fortune should decree,  
 Th' vncertaine scope of his Captiuitie.

Little forts  
which the  
Dutch raise  
suddenly for  
their defences.

Villages.

Camisade an  
assaulte in their  
own lodgings.

Those that  
walke the  
Round.

Sir William  
Balfour that  
day comman-  
ded the horse  
guarde.

A Wallone  
who came the  
day before  
into our camp  
being dis-  
guis'd.

To requite this affrount this proud surprise  
 Prince Maurice with six thousand foote doth rise  
 From Grauenweert, and floating downe wards falleth,  
 Without the ratling Drums, or trumpets calls  
 Beyond sat Bommelwcert, where he doth land  
 His Phalangiers, who passing by commaunde  
 Waſt o're the Mosas Willow bordred banks  
 Whose waues do wash well fenced Huisdens flanks.

Marching from thence our vauourcurrors descrye

\* Shertokenbusse, whose maiden ports defie  
 All onflats, all attempts, and proudly stands  
 Vpon defence with ſcu'nteene choſen bands  
 Of Vallons, and Brabantians readie prest  
 V. iſh life, and limme to keepe the feathred nest  
 Of theſe freebooters, who by \* Derricke led  
 Theiſelues to rapine, murder, pillage wedde,  
 And feeding on the contriбуtion Boore,  
 Greafe palmes, and paunch with his conſummed ſtore.

There hauing viewed that well defenced towne,  
 We made a ſtand vpon the bordring downe  
 About the time, that glisting Phabus laues  
 His bright Carroch in Thetis westerne waues.  
 Then orders were giu'n out, the caſd \* Petarres  
 Strange Engins foundout in our modeine wars,  
 Whose fulphrous power the brazen gates would ſhatter  
 Of Ecbatane, and that ſtrong portall batter

Whereas the ſteepe Caucasan mountaines rockes  
 Are chaynd as priſ'ners with his Iron lockes : )  
 These Corbett did commaund, the firſt aduenture  
 Was Tibals chardge, who formoſt was to enter  
 With that ſelected crue, that choſen band  
 Which he as Yeares Lieutenaunt did commaund.  
 Thus all things being diſpoſed for the fight  
 We roſe from thence, and marching all that night  
 Paſt thoroughſandy, rough, Mæanderd wayes  
 Where errour led our ſmall battalion ſrayes,  
 So that we came not to the Buiſſiangate  
 Before the dawning light, a time to late

Commonly  
called the  
*Busſe*.

Derricke was  
Captaine of  
two hundred  
free booters  
who lay in  
the *Busſe*.

Petarrs En-  
gins made to  
blow vp gates.

The Iron  
gates which  
Alexander  
made vpon the  
ſtreights of  
mount *Canca-*  
*sus*.

The strong portcullizd Turnepike to surprise  
 VVhich \* Grobbendoncke with's hundred watchfull eyes  
 Safeguarded sure, who takes a close Alar'me  
 VVith all his bands, commaunding all to arme.  
 This caus'd vs to retire, and homewards bend  
 VVith out th' effect of that projected ende,  
 VVhose hopes had brought vs to those Champion plaines  
 VVhich Mase enricheth with his flowing vaines,  
 The Spoiles of Brabant, and the conquer'd Buisse  
 Being the project of each wanting purse.  
 In this retrait our troupes were hunger prest  
 Tired with trauaile, and with thirst opprest :  
 So that vntill we toucht vpon the Mase  
 Towards whose streames our Maniples did pace,  
 We far'd like some Alarbian hungrie theefe  
 Who trauersing the desert for releefe  
 Followes the tracke of some knowne Carauan,  
 Which to fulfill their Heath'nish Alcoran,  
 Visits that prophetic Mahometan shrine  
 Plac'd by the Caliphs \* neere th' Arabian Sine.  
 Those stinking pooles, Cocitus like aspected  
 Which the Marashes vapours had infected,  
 Those puddle lakes wherein the water Toade  
 The Frogge and Ho sleech keepe their safe aboade,  
 Were sought, and searcht out to alay the fire  
 Of appetite fresh burning with desire.  
 Whoseliquour was more pretious to the mouth  
 Then all those wines transported from the South  
 Which the Canarian Ilander doth sup  
 On sollemne feasts in's Nectar crowned Cup,  
 Then that the Cretan neere Cerathus drinks,  
 Or Bachrach sends from Rhenus sandy brinks.  
 Yet after those disgusts surmounted all,  
 Which like some storme vpon our troupes did fall,  
 And those freebooters all repulsed backe,  
 Which followd our Nassauians by the tracke;  
 We past vnto the \* Grane, where each man feedes  
 In plenties Magazin, and all our needes

Grobbendoncke  
was as then  
gouernour of  
the towne.

At Mecha in  
Arabia.

A towne in  
Gelderland  
belonging to  
the states.]

Receiud supplies from those fat Geldrian fields;  
Whose swarming stoare, Bread, Beefe and Mutton yeelds  
In greater measure, then that Easterne lard,

The lands of  
*Affiria* and  
*Hungarie* are  
very fruitefull.

VVhich borders on the roaring Tigris strande,

Or those *Pannonian* pastures, where the grasse

For's sudden growth comparison doth pasle.

Thus hauing well refresht our hungry bands

VVe doubled those high cre sted heathy lands,

VVhich forth extended from the biliowing Mase,

Do ouerlooke the Betowes various face.

From thence our tired legions speeding came

Vnto the ports of \* high built *Nimegham*,

There resting one whole night we made descent

Vnto the plaines of that lowe Continent,

VVhere neere to our Intrenchments *Waal* doth slide

From out the Rhines in amel diaprise side,

VVhose weeping waues seemd to condole with vs,

Because we mist th' unconquerd maiden Busse.

But in this space that warrelike *Genouese*

Th' *Infantaes Generall* scorning pampered easse,

VVith these alarums rowsd doth angry fare

Like some *Muscouian* winter pined Beare,

VVho when the Sun begins to melt the Snow,

VVhich pargetteth that Northerne Climats brow

Forsakes his denne, and roawing runs for praye

VVith all his Cubs their hunger to alay.

To quench this bloodie thirst he sends commands

Through *Flaunders*, *Heinault* and those *Vallon* lands,

VVhose Frontier from the British Ocean bends

To *Limburge*, and *Burgundiaes* westerne ends:

Inioyning all their Garrisons to arme

Vpon the summons of this first Alarme,

And at a day prefixt themselves to show

Neere *Antwerpe* their determin'd Randeuowe.

These Regiments, with those which *Borges* ledde,

Who neere to Sluce were winter-billeted,

Vpon this order to *Sten'n Bergen* past

In warrelike manner neere to *Julies* last.

That

That towne being wonne, they lingerd not an houre  
 But straight-waies marcht with their victorious power  
 To *Bergen*, where their men the \* *Terriers* play  
 Behind that Mount, which opposite then lay  
 Vnto the port of *VVowe*, from whence their workes,  
 Behind whose couert all their Armie lurkes,  
 Extended ran vnto the *Kickepotte* forte,  
 Which overlookes the Cities Southerne porte.  
 Vpon their first approach some Squadrons prest  
 Did Sallie forth, and sallying did Inuest  
 That hillocke, where the *Vauxian English* stode,  
 In Castiles cause selfelauish of their blood.  
 Harde was the fight, for nation against nation  
 English 'gainst English fought with emulation;  
 But stil the Marques sending fresh supplies,  
 With number more then valour wonne the prise  
 From the besieged, who with ods surchardg'd  
 Retired, and retiring still dischardg'd  
 Their murdring Muskets on the Spanish files,  
 Which six to one surpast our\* Maniples.  
 After the passage of this first affrounte,  
 The foes incouagd did their Cannon mount  
 Vpon new\* platformes raifd, whose thundring reach  
 Hauing inforcd an assaultable breach,  
 They scald the ruines, and began the fight  
 Vaild with the Curtin of a Mooneshine night  
 About the second Round: with varicus chaunce  
 In this conflikt Mars shewed his countenance  
 Vnto both parties, for the Martiall foe  
 Sometimes was beate; sometimes did ouerthrow:  
 Thrice being repulsd, they thrice did reassale  
 And though opprest, their courage ne're did faile:  
 For knowing valour to be actions Spirit,  
 Which Crownes our projects with successfull merit,  
 They rallied still, till *Phæbus* lift his head  
 From pearld *Auroraes* saffron coulered bedde:  
 Then being subiect to the pointe blancke ayme  
 Of eu'ry markeman, they forsooke the game.

A Terrier is  
properly any  
thing that puts  
it selfe into the  
earth.

The English  
of my Lord  
*Vauxes* regi-  
ment.

A Maniple is a  
diuision of  
files.

A place to  
mount Ordi-  
nance on.

Vnequall of their parts, and backewards plied  
Vnto their Trenches from the bulwarkes side.

The losse was great, twelue hundred Spaniards kild

A Fortification made in forme or manner of a horne.

Sir Michael Eueret and Captiaine Loueles.

The darte which the Romans The pike which the Macedonians vsd.

Great ordi-nance.

Salt peter.

The bending Circle of our \* Horneworke fild,

Two hundred of our side did likewise dye

Leauing their fames pawnes to Eternitie:

Amongst the rest Purfry my noble friend

In honours bedde seald vp his glorious ende,

The like was\* Eueretts chance, and Louelesse lot,

Both which with poysned bullets being shot,

When Aesculapius skill could not appease,

Nor Surgerie the venoms rancour ease,

Exchaungd their liuing flesh to livelesse dust

Till heau'n thronizd immortall rise they must.

Inhuman warre thou horseleech of mankinde,

Which pleasure in displeasure stil dost finde,

Whose mansions are deaths hollowe charnelld caues

Large fields of slaughter, where thy furie raves

Vnlimitted, and boundeles in that lust,

Which nought but bloud and murder content must.

Were not the Roman \* pile, the Partian shaft,

The Gracian\* Sarisse, and Moriscan dart,

T'heluetian halberd, and our British bill

Potent inough thy greedinesse to fill

With slaughtred bodies? but that Orgins new

Must terriblize themselues to mortals Viewe,

Which thou hast found out in this latter age,

To Cocker vp thy blood still thirsting rage.

Now must that\* Brazen fire o'itbelching trunke

Founde out by that accursed German Munke,

Whole myriads kill, and raise of bodies slaine

Pyramide Mounttaines on the sanguind plaine.

To furnish this deuice, those stinking cels

Wherein the louing Paphian Pigeon dwells,

Those Cellars, where our English skenker fils

That ruddie Claret sent from Gascoines hills,

Must now be searcht for \* Nitre : Swethlands braffe

Guipuscan Iron, and that heauie masse

Of palefac'd leadē, sent from the Northerne \* Peake  
 Must now with stremes from mangled bodies reake,  
 Clay must be fetcht from Padoaes fertill plaines,  
 Sulphur from Sicills fire out belching vaines,  
 Rozin from Rigeland, and that Bonell coaste,  
 Where Riga stands, now to the Swethner lost:  
 To make \* those fierie bals, Granadin Squibs  
 Aspected like crinited Comets glibs,  
 Which burning breake, and breaking peccemeale rent  
 All thats opposd to this fell instrument.  
 But as though all these Engins were but weake  
 Thy bloud Hydropicke thi stines to breake,  
 The fatall bullet must imposis' ned be,  
 To wreake thy malice on mortalitie.  
 So that a wounded arme, a skarred thigh,  
 A pierced hand shall as for certaine die,  
 As if that hollow bloud conducting vaine  
 Some mortall hurt or damage did sustaine,  
 Or those same cordiall strings, which knit the life  
 Were sundred quite by some Rausilliacks knife:  
 Were not O Rome thy \* Gerrards, Lopes, Squires,  
 Thy Assassines, and fulminations fires,  
 Thy poysnie simples fetcht from Concritan,  
 From Nubia, Tombut, and from Terminan,  
 From hot Cyrene, and that \* Easterne coaste,  
 Whereon the roaring Ponticke seas are tost,  
 Sufficient meanes to furnish with supplie  
 The yawning gulfe of thy new Purgat'ry?  
 But that thy darling, and thy minion Spaine,  
 Thy ape of mischiefe, must her honour staine  
 Acquired by the fortune of faire Armes,  
 And blemish it with poysone-contriu'd harmes.  
 But whilst that my digressiue muse thus fals  
 To this Inuectiue fit, the Cannon calls  
 Her wandring thoughts to Bergen whose loude sound  
 From eu'rie platforme echoing doth rebounde  
 With greater noise, then when the \* Scodran towers  
 Were batterd by the Barbr'ous Turkish powers,

From the  
 Peake in Dar-  
 lshire comes  
 great store of  
 Leade.

These are in  
 gredients with  
 which Grana-  
 does and wilde  
 fire bals are  
 made.

See Machiæl  
 in the addition  
 to his booke  
 of waire pag.  
 45 45.

All these were  
 notable traitors

Pontus.

Two most  
 furious batte-  
 ries, see the  
 Turkish histo-  
 rie pag 418.

Or and pag. 584.]

Or When the Rhodian bulwarkes were defac'd  
 By Soliman, and all their glorie rac'd  
 Left nothing to the crossed Christian Knight,  
 But the sad aspe&t of this dismal sight.  
 Our ordinance dispos'd by Gibsons care,  
 Whose merit claimes an honourable share  
 In Bergens safeguard, did the Spaniards plic  
 With frequent Peales of their Artillerie,  
 Whose leuell shot vnto the foemen sent,  
 Did Peecemeale Gabions, men and Rampiers rent;  
 And whilst their bodies mounted, sent their soules  
 To griesly Plutos darke Infernall hoales.

Some nine dayes after when the Christall gate  
 Of that same day, which mortals consecrate  
 To mightie Jove, with shadie night was clos'd,  
 The Iberian Cohorts for the fight dispos'd  
 By their Campemasters, to the combat past,  
 Fast in their orders, in their marching fast:  
 Then hauing got the battered Curtins base  
 They sought to mount vpon that horneworks face,

*Colonell Hin-* Where\* Henderson with his, and our owne nation  
*derson a braue* Aranged stood in point of his owne station.  
*Scots man*

The fight was cruell, doubtfull, full of blood,  
 Wherein Bellonaes Bridegroome wauering stood,  
 Vncertaine to which side the palme should flic  
 To this of right, or that of Tyrannie.

For though the Spaniards charged, ours still resisted  
 And though recharged, yet resolute persisted  
 In their defence, vntill th' assaulting foe  
 His backe vnto th' Orangian troupes did show.

But marke how fortune with her powerfull becke  
 As stepdame vnto valour giues the checke;  
 For although Henderson like\* Scæna stood  
 Gaint oppositions face, and still made good  
 Th' ingaged place, yet one foule random shot  
 The conquest from this braue Commaunder got;  
 Which banefull pellet rob'd him of his breath,  
 Worthy to suruiue eu'n in the spight of death.

*Scæna a vali-  
aunt Roman.*

After

After this losse Prince *Maurice* sends releefe  
 From *Grauenweert*, commaunded all in chiefe  
 By \* *Morgan*, who with winged measures speedes  
 Vnto the towne, that now for succour bleedes.  
 He wafting o're the diaprie-purled *Waal*,  
 From thence vnto swift *Mosae's* streme doth fall,  
 And sailing through that narrowe Midland sea  
 Whose channell giues accessse to *Bergens Kaye*  
 Arriued at his chardge, and there proposd  
 Great *Nassawes* orders, which being wel dispos'd  
 By \* *Riboues* counsell, and by *Famaes* care  
 From all aduaantage did th' assailants bare.  
 He skorning like some Frozen Flemish hulke  
 To lye shopt vp within the Rampiers bulke,  
 Giues life to action, through the posterns Sallies  
 And though repulst againe his squadrons rallies,  
 Vntill the vanquisht toes of hope bereft  
 The deade halfe Moone vnto our Legions left.  
 Then reassaulting they forsooke th' assault,  
 Through our mens valour and their owne default;  
 For *Morgan* still repells them with thick hailes  
 Of Musket shot, with bristled Iron flaires,  
 With smoaking wildefire balls, and blowne vp mines  
 Whose hollow vaults filld full with \* Serpentine,  
 And taking fire by some sulphureous traine  
 The heauens with smoake, the land with bloud doth stainc.  
 On th' other side the Dutchmen taking heate  
 From our examples beames did brauely beate  
 The Spanish squadrons, which in successe faild  
 As oft as they our horned wo kes assaid.  
 The like the Frenchmen did, and that stout nation  
 Which in rch *Lukeland* holds their habitation,  
 But then being subiect to *Famaes* commands  
 Employed their seruice for the Netherlands.  
 In these conflicts braue *Mountjoy Morgan, Gibson, Rich, Courtney, Conway, Halsewell, Hinderson, Cooke, Tibals, Pollard, Clarke and Killegree, Knolles, Bacon, Turney, Kennethborpe and Carey*,

Sir Charles  
*Morgan* Co-  
 lonell of a  
 foote regiment  
 vnder the  
 States.

*Riboue* was  
 gouernour of  
*Bergen*, and  
*Fama* was  
 Colonell of a  
 regiment of  
*Wallons*.

An instrument  
 made like a  
 flaire to throw  
 ouer the  
 Rampier or pa-  
 rapet vnto the  
 Enemies.  
 Pouder that is  
 vsd in mines  
 or great ordi-  
 nance.  
 The *Wallons*  
 of the Bishop-  
 pricke of  
*Leage*.

Shewed matchles valour, and deserue to be  
 For this the children of Eternitie,  
 Being all selfe lauish of their dearest bloud  
 For Bergens defence, and our vnions good.  
 Amongst the list of the Philippicke bandes  
*Blunt* of his foes eu'n admired stands  
 Haples in this, that home-spunne discontents  
 Made him to follow Spaines ambitious bents.  
 In this meane time Count Mansfield hauing left  
 The disunited vniōn, and bereft  
 Of all those upper Countries, where the Rhine.  
 With Neckars streame his pearled streames doth ioyne,  
 And all that fruitfull large-extended tract,  
 Which borders on the riuier, being sackt  
 By both their Armies, and the pillagd Boore  
 Despoiled quite of all his former store;  
 Which cluster-crowned Bacchus did affoord,  
 Or Ceres yeeld from her all plenteous hoord.  
 The chardge of Manhein being giuen to Vcare,  
 And Heidelberg designd to Herberts care,  
 Frankn'dale to Burrowes, and those Almaine bands  
 Which still stood firme to Fredericks commaunds,  
 His Excellence the Paltzian soile forsakes  
 Infamous for our losses, and betakes  
 Himselfe to that retrait, which crownd his name  
 With the triumphant wreaths of glorious fame.

The Palati-  
nate.

Of these two  
 retraites is  
 mention made  
 before.  
*Zenophon.*

This relation  
 I had from Sir  
 James Ramesey  
 who was pre-  
 sent in all this  
 seruice.

Vnparralleld for conduct, and th' euent  
 Except by Conons worthie president:  
 Or that\* Athenians, who from Elams hils  
 Retired to those fields, which Phasis fils,  
 When Aetaxerxes troupes his Armie chast  
 And for two thousand miles his Legions fac'd,  
 For although Tilley reinforc'd with ayd  
 From all th' Imperiall circles, had forelayd  
 Those passages, which giue a free accesse  
 From Almaine to the Frontring Lorrance.  
 Yet the Mansfieldians hauing past the Sar  
 And Blieses streames, (whose Christall source from far

Extracted

Extracted, for diurnall tribute yeelds  
 His glassie purles to *Lotharingiae* fields: }  
 Arriv'd at *Sancerne*, where \* the *Palatian* Prince  
 Giues the farewell to *Mansfields* Excellence,  
 And safe conuoyd through friendly *Galliae* land  
 Imbarks himselfe on the *Calisan* strande.

The Count  
*Palatin.*

There hence our squadrons marcht into *Lorraine*,  
 From whence the *Guisians* claime their *Origen*:  
 And passing by that Frountiers Southerne side  
 Neere vnto which\* *Voloies* current doth glide,  
 They doubled *Mortaignes* woods, *Volgesus* Mountaine,  
 Fat *Vaignies* vallies, and the *Mosells* fountaine.  
 Then leauing that *Franncelouing* towenfull soile  
 Which *Lotharicke* did with his name enstile,  
 They bending Northwards, did their ensignes spreade  
 In *Lutzenburgh* beyonde swift *Semois* heade  
 And came through many perils to *Sedan*,  
 The *Ducall* seate of Princely *Bullion*:

A great riuver  
 in *Lorraine*.

Where hauing well refresht their pinching needes  
 And rested some fewe dayes, their Armie speedes  
 With running marches o'r the winding turnes  
 Of \* *Houle* and *Mase*, and that high mountains hornes  
 Where *Charlemont* by *Phillips* Souldiers made  
 In view of *Heinault* and *Namurs* doth stand.

*Lottaringia* or  
*Lorrainetooke*  
 his name from  
 one *Lothari-*  
*cas* See Mer-  
 cator in his  
 description of  
 it.

Then hauing through that territorie past  
 They layd the faire *Namurcan Burrowes* wast  
 With fire, and sword, and all those hostile ills  
 Which hell with soules, the land with slaughter fills.

Riuers which  
 run through  
*Namures*.

*Gonsaluo* mooued with these affronting harmes  
 And iealous of his honour, forth with armes  
 With all those *Waloun* bands, and Spanish legions,  
 Which quarterd lay within that *Frountiers* regions:

*Gonsaluo de*  
*Corduba Ge-*  
*nerall of the*  
*Spanish armed*

And taking the\* *Campaina*, straight forelayes  
 The crooked paßage of those broaken wayes,  
 Extended forth from *Mosa* to those sloughes,  
 Which the rich *Femming* and *Brabanson* Plowes,  
 At *Fleurie* neere *Namurs* he pitcht his Tents &  
 With all the flower of his olde Regiments,

The Champi-  
 on.

Whose Maniples computed by the list,  
Of seuentee thousand Soaldiers did consist,  
And twentie thousand Boores well armd with glaives,  
With Firelockes and Herculean clublike staves.

About the time, that bright *Apollo* steepes  
His golden tresses in th' *Iberian* deepes,  
*Coynte Mansfield* doth approach, and having spied  
Their vauntcurours, vnto that hillocke hied,  
Behinde whose couert all their Cohorts laye  
To stop our march, and our battalions stay.

Then wading through the flagge oreshaded brookes  
*Meander* wise retorted turning nookes,  
Upon the farther side he makes a stand  
And to *Gonfaluo* tenders this demaund.  
Whether his valour were resolud to fight  
Vpon th' appearaunce of the morning light.  
Or that his patience would giue parting leaue,  
And so the webbe of both their safeties weave.

The Corduban thus summond, thus replies :  
*Mansfield* was Thinkes the *Bohemian*\* Marshall to surprise  
Marshall of My wisdome with his words? and curbe my sprite  
*Bohemia* be- Lauish in this to doe my soueraigne right?  
fore he was Can he conceiue his Legions shall depart?  
Generall. Who thus haue torne th' Imperiall Eagles heart,  
Despoild our vestall Nuns, ransackt our Friers,  
And crammd themselues with pillagd *Ments* and *Triers*;  
He must account for all *Bohemiaes* spoile.

At Hagenawne For t' *Hagenawne*, and *Heseldorffian* foile,  
& Heseldorffe Before he can our safeconduet obtaine,  
the Count ouerthrew And free aduenure into *Brabant* gaine.  
th' Imperials. *Bohemiaes* Gen'rall warmd with this replie;

Doth all the bent of his deuoirs applie  
To crosse their projects, and with *Linxean* eyes  
Regiment is a Vnto the depth of each aduaantage pries,  
number of By which he might his *Phalangiers* defend,  
foote con- And great *Gonfaluos* \* Regiments offend.  
sisting of more He straight commaunds his Cohorts all to lye  
or lesse com- Armd and vnarmd, horse and Infanterie

*Peazaunts of  
the Country.*

There ran a  
little brooke  
betweene  
*Mansfield* and  
*Corduba*.

*Mansfield* was  
Marshall of  
*Bohemia* be-  
fore he was  
Generall.

At *Hagenawne*  
& *Heseldorffe*  
the Count  
ouerthrew  
th' Imperials.

Regiment is a  
number of  
foote con-  
sisting of more  
or lesse com-  
panies.

That

That night in battell ray, behind that hill  
 Whose Southerne brow our Maniples did fill,  
 Vpon the morne when Solis irradiant light  
 Had rent the vaile of Sable coulered night,  
 He marshalls his diuisions, viewes their ranckes,  
 Suruaies all parts, both Vngard, Reare and flanks,  
 Giveth motiues to their mettall, and doth cheare  
 Their wauering minds against the bugs offeare.  
 These are, quoth he, those feeble beaten bands,  
 So often foild by your viitorious hands,  
 The reliques of the *Leopoldian* hoaste,  
 And of those Tertioes, which their honour lost  
 At *Heseldorffe*, when our men did defeate  
*Bauariaes Gen'rall* and their Armie beate.  
 The rest are *Peazants* rude, vplandish Boores  
 Acquainted better with their *Landesdayes* sturres  
 With taphouse quarrels, alefomented broiles,  
 Then with *Bellonaes Hazardes* or her toyles.  
 We are those men, who haue *Bohemia* sackt,  
 Conquerd\* *Prachadis, Pilsen* and *Pisacke*  
 Haue stroue with natures threats, with dangers dread,  
 And through their sence afflicting terrours sped  
 Vnto this bedde of fame, where we must fight  
 Or else our honourd liues abandon quite.  
 Behind vs lies \* *Volgesus* crested ridge,  
*Sambre* before vnpassable by bridge,  
 Vpon the right hand runsthe roaring *Mase*,  
 Vpon the left, great *Corduba* doth face  
 Our armd battalions, so that we must die.  
 Orgaine our selues by glorious victorie.  
 All like this, but two thousand mutineers,  
 Who making pay the shadow of their feares,  
 Dislike their Gen'ralls motion and refuse  
 T'ingage themselues for his imploiments vse.  
 The valiant Count on point of seruice set  
 With this refusall mou'd doth storming fret:  
 As when a retriu'd Partridge mounts the skie  
 Some Fauckener lets a cast of Marlins flie

*Landesdayes*  
are dayes of  
solemne  
meeting.

Three strong  
townes in  
*Bohemia*.

A high moun-  
taine in *Lor-  
raine*.

Whereof that makes it home, but this doth faile  
 And Castrell-like doth poorely turne her taile.  
 The Pawkner marking from some loftie tree,  
 The sadde disaster of this sport doth see·  
 And with sterne words that's cowardise doth rate,  
 But cheeres the mettall of her soaring mate,  
 He chides them first, then seekes to mooue their hearts,  
 With melting flakes of his persuasive arts;  
 He tells them, what dishonour tweare, what shame  
 Vnto the luster of the *German* name,  
 Thus to forsake themselues, their friends, their chiefe,  
 And sequestrate the meanes of their releefe.  
 He shewes that these were not their solemne vowes  
 At *Manheim* made, when they did there espouse  
 Their lifes to's seruice, and obligd by oath  
 Against the Spaniards and Imperialls both,  
 Did frelie promise neuer to forsake  
 His Princely colours, but to vndertake  
 The share of all aduentures, till the date  
 The free state Expired were, for which the *Cantond* state  
 of the *Nether-*  
*lands.* Of Holland had their Legions entertaind,  
 Neuer before with disobedience staind.  
 But all these words like fuell did encrease  
 The raging fire of their stiffe stubbornes,  
 Wherefore he leaues this plot, and doth intreate  
 That if they would not fight, they would retreate  
 Or els aduaunce themselues, and make a stand  
 Vpon that place, where he shoulde giue commaund.  
 This last being graunted, he doth straight inlarge  
 The Frount of his battalions, and doth chardge ;  
 As when some raine-engendred Torrents shooke  
 Both beate vpon an adamantine rocke :  
 Or when some sulphrous fulminitions fire  
 Lights on the crest of some piramide Spire  
 The *Bombards* first did with their *Torlin* play,  
 And hundreds slaine vpon the Champion lay,  
 The bullet furrowed fielde with shot sownen *wab*  
 And all the plaine with batterd Corsets strownen.

Then

Then their \* Forlorne death destined hope  
 With our loose wings of Muskettiers doth coope,  
 The lighthorse falling fowle on both the flankes (rankes)  
 Do chardge, and wheele, and wheeling change their  
 The Muskettiers from either side do poure  
 Of palefac'd bullets a death storming shower  
 The Pikenmen push, and pushing with their Pike  
 Through maid habergeons, helmes and Corflets strike.  
 Foote stickes to foote, and hand doth gripe with hand  
 Each Frounter with his Frounter next doth bande:  
 With stremes of bloud the bloudie greene doth smoake,  
 Whose vapour tooke foment with eu'rie stroake.

Loose wings  
which begin  
the fight.

Our Curaciers by valiaunt \* Brunswicke led  
 The last of all vnto this combat sped  
 Whose footesteps dread and danger did attend,  
 Whersocuer they did with their Cornets wend.  
 Heere a braue Souldier wounded with a bruise  
 Through th' orifice his fleeting soule out spues,  
 Heere a sure Gunner shot off by the knees  
 Liues vpward, whilst the nether fragment steeues.

Otherwise  
call'd the  
Bishop of  
Halberstadt

Heere a man-woman Amazonian dame  
 A Votareffe to Mars, and Venus game  
 Shot neere her friend in his imbracements dies,  
 And liuing dying thus doth sympathize.  
 But in the midst of this tumultuous broile  
 Brunswicke though shot out braueth feare and toile,  
 Both chardge and rechardge, fals on Frount and flancke,  
 Sometimes by file sometimes giuing in by rancke.

From morne till noone this dreadfull fight did last,  
 But when\* the sunne had the Meridian past  
 Some thirtie minutes, all things being confusd,  
 The Spainish vanguard broake, their Chiefe amusd  
 With our mens courage; Mansfield then appeares  
 More then himselfe, and thus inflaming cheeres.

It was a lit-  
tle after mid  
day.

His last reserue: come on, keene vp your sp. t: 41  
 Against these Barbr'ous Demimoores despite;  
 Breake through the Frount of that halfe broaken troupe  
 And make their stiffnes to your va'lour stoope,

With

With your well pointed blades hew out your way  
 Through their battalions which your course forelay.  
 No sooner sayd but done, for forth they rush,  
 And like some winter storme do downe right push  
 All that's oppos'd, and rowting file by file  
 Rancke after rancke they passe that iron toyle  
 Vnto the station of our mutineers,  
 Whose watering fills both sides with iealous feares.  
 For *Corduba* surmising that they lay  
 For a reserue, his last pursuite to stay,  
 Durst not ingage his ouertired bande,  
 But on the place of battaile kept his stand.  
 The losse was not vnlike; foure thousand slaine  
 Of either side the Champions browe did staine  
 With Purple streames of their vermillion bloud  
 Whose *Rubie* congeald on th' Earths surface stood.  
 Amongst this honourd list stout *Weimars* Duke,  
 And *Rougiere* their fatall deaths wound tooke  
*Mengesheim* was ta'en, and *Brunswickes* arme was shot  
 VVho lost his hand whilst he the lawrell got.

This conflict being past, the Count doth march  
 ( Mounted vpon a rich triumphant Arche )  
 Ouer the\* *Sambre*, vanquisheth the Boores,  
 Passeth through *Brabant*, ioyneth there his powers  
 Neere *Rosendale* with the\* *Nassauian Graue*,  
 Both being resolud thin'gaged towne to save  
 From the *Castilians*, who with might and maine  
 Applied the siege *Bergen-opzom* to gaine.  
 Fame bruiting this with her shrill sounding winde  
 With iealous feares fils the Marqueses minde;  
 VVho doubting that both Armies might Surprise,  
 His passage vnto *Antwerpe*, straight doth rise  
 With all his\* *Tertioes*, and to *Vulcan* turnes  
 His strawebuilt station, which inflamed burnes  
 The large extent of that well fenced frame,  
 Ere our *Bergheneers* to the pillage came.  
 But what *Toledoes* wiles, \* *Farnes* might,  
 Gonsaluoes power, nor *Spinolaes* despite

A riuier which  
runneth into  
the *Mase*.  
The Prince of  
Orange.

Regiments.

The Prince of  
Parma.

Could

Could not effect; for nine times seuen yeares  
 Against the fortune of the *Belgian Peeres*;  
 Home-spunne Sedition, if not crost by Fate,  
 Was like to worke against our Vnions State.  
 This faction first was leauen'd by the sower  
 Of call'd *Arminianisme*, whose clowdie shower  
 Seem'd to deface the cleare irradiant Sunne  
 Of reform'd Truth, which on these Regions shone.  
 New Sectaries these Rudiments did varnish  
 With fresh additions, and did fairely garnish  
 The Frontispice of that halfe rotten house,  
 Whose Archite&ture did the soules amuse  
 Of sundry *Belgians*, which for shelter came  
 To this faire-seeming scarce substanciall frame.  
 This diffrence in Religion caus'd another  
 Diffrence in Faction, which th' *Arminians* smother  
 For selfe-behoouing reasons, till the State  
 Was manag'd by t' *Hollandish* Aduocate,  
 Great *Barneveldt*, a Paragon for wit,  
 For faction, greatnesse, which entirely knit,  
 And linkt to's fortunes, were the golden bayts  
 That caught Plebeian minds with fond deceits.  
 He vassal'd as the rumour saith, to *Spaine*,  
 Enuious to *Nassau*, couetous to gaine,  
 And spheare within his reaches that command,  
 Which *Maurice* held with his victorious hand;  
 Appalls the multitude with iealous feares,  
 With tickling rumours fills the glowing eares  
 Of his Associates, tells them that t' indure  
 The proud *Nassauians* yoake, and their grandeur,  
 Were to proiect their freedomes, and themselues  
 Against the ridge of those Monarchicke shelues,  
 Which mightie \* *Philip* raised at the first,  
 To quench his vast ambitions Dropsie thirst.  
 Besides it were against the sacred Lawes  
 Of God and Nature, to forsake the Cause  
 Of their Religion, which b' *Arminius* spred,  
 And replanted in *Holland*s fruitfull bed,

*Philip the 2.  
King of Spaine*

By his Disciples, now despis'd, abie&,  
 VVas eu'n supprest by the *Catnian Sect.*  
 Thus Policie ieynd with Religion shrowdes  
 The *Barneneltine* plots, and like those cloudes,  
 Where a Parelion sits, deceives the sight  
 Of rash beholders with their specious light.  
 But O divine Religion, why shouldst thou  
 To mens designes; nay, palliations bow?  
 O why shouldst thou, whose radiant tresses chaine  
 God vnto man, and man to God againe?  
 Why should thy Name ineffable, diuine,  
 Zeales Cabinet, and pure Devotions shrine,  
 Bee made a stale to all the blacke intents  
 Of humane prie&s? and the bloody hents  
 Of their pretences, who pretending right,  
 Like *Nimrods* proud against thy Scepter fight.  
 So that there liues not that damn'd \* *Affassine*,  
 Nor that vnloyall loyalliz'd *Ignatian*;  
 Not that *Rauilliac*, whose death poynted knife  
 Despoyl'd the braue \* *Nauarrois* of his life;  
 Not that \* *Burgundian* Murderer, that Squire,  
 Nor that *Lopes*, but drawes the twisted wire  
 Of his ranke Treasons from the faire pretence  
 Of gloz'd Religion, though his senscless sense,  
 Right \* Apoplectike-like ne're feeles the motion  
 Of pietie, nor zealous true devotion.  
 But *Barnenelt* supprest, his faction quell'd,  
 His popular Collofickē props downe fell'd,  
 The Lernean Head of that rebellious rout  
 Being sundred quite, whose falsehood went about  
 To subiugate the Netherlands againe  
 Vnto the rule of rule-desiring *Spaine*.  
 Some few yeares after, this seditious crue  
 Makes head againe, and freshly doth pursue  
 Their ancient quarrell, whose projected bent  
 Fuell'd with malice, fedde with discontent,  
 Intends the wracke of the *Nassauian* race.  
 But in their weales weale-publike to deface.

A damned  
Murtherer.

Henry the 4.  
Gorard, who  
kild the prince  
of Orange.

Those that  
haue the *Apole-*  
*plexie*, are in-  
sensible.

There

There want not Catilines; rich *Harlem* sends  
 From cold North-Holland Frost congealed ends,  
 Four Climate differing Sprites, inflam'd with fire  
 Of light Ambition, Soueraignties desire,  
 With Enuie, and Reuenge, whose fuming terrors  
 Distract their soules into a maze of errours.  
 But *Barneuels* two sonnes, winde vp the clue  
 Of all their doubts, and to their faſion skrew  
 Other Associates, in which damned List  
 \* *Slatius* hath not the meanest Interest,  
 With *Cornewinder*, and *Adrian van Deicks*,  
 Whom blinde fold zeale to false rebellion pricks.  
 Thus was the plot; foure Affiſſines designd  
 For this blacke deed, were ſolemnly combind  
 By muuall vowes, and interchanged oathes,  
 Which blushing *Sol*, and palefac'd *Cinthia* loathes)  
 To Pistoll *Maurice*, *Henricke*, and the rest  
 Of the *Nassauian* ſtocke; this being confeſt  
 By two Conſpirators, the Prince straight hies  
 From *Rifwicke* to the *Hague*, and there descries  
 In an *Arminian* house foure of this crue,  
 Whose malice did great *Nassau*s death purſue.  
 All these were ſeiz'd by the \* *Pretorian* band,  
 Imprison'd, arraign'd, and by the powerfull hand  
 Of right-diuiding Iuſtice put to death,  
 As men vnworthie to vſurpe that breath,  
 Whose rancour had conſpir'd their Countries ſacke,  
 State-alteration, and religions wracke.  
 Such was the doome of *Slatius*, ſuch the lot  
 Of young *Barneuel*, who to *Scheueling* got  
*Laruates* his viſage, doth his name exchange,  
 And in a Skippers habite ſeekes to range  
 From *Holland* to the rich *Hamburgers* Seat,  
 Against whose walls the billowing *Elbe* doth beat.  
 But found at *Scheueling* by the curious eyes  
 Of publike ſearch, hee for this Treafon dies,  
 For what reward can Treafon elſe expect,  
 But punishment, and rigours worſt effect?

The names of  
 these 4. were  
*Cor. Gerritzon*  
*Her. Herman-*  
*ſon, John Nico-*  
*lar, Theodorsick,*  
*Leonardſon.*

*Daniel Slatius*  
*an Arminian*  
*Preacher.*

*Rifwicke*, &  
*Dorpeneere* to  
*the Hague.*

The Prince of  
*Oranges* guard

A ſmal harbor  
 within a mile  
 of the *Hague*.

*Goffe*, a towne  
Cleeueland, as  
then vnder the  
king of Spaine.

The Bishop of  
*Cole*, who is  
also Bishop of  
*Munster* and  
*Leege*.

Two great ri-  
uers in West-  
phalia.

*Fulde* and *E-*  
*der*, two riuers  
of Hessen.

But trother of the sonnes comes fairer off,  
Who passing by the *Geldrians* vnto \* *Goffe*,  
There saues himselfe, and pentioneerd to *Spaine*,  
New projects of reuenge doth entertaine,  
Hoping his Sires and Brothers death to quite,  
Wrought as he sayes by the *Nassauians* spite.  
The Winter past in tortures, Aprill smiles  
To see the labour'd preparations toyles,  
Which both sides take, t'enrich the colder earth  
With stremes of blood, whose forc't abortiue birth  
With Ruby-colourd Roses decks the fields  
Of rich *Westphalia*, which that \* Bishop weelds,  
Whose triple-Mitred power, whose dreadfull awe  
To all th'inferiour Circles giues the Lawe,  
Supported by the *Popes*, and *Cæsars* grace,  
By *Bauier*, and potent *Austriaes* race.  
Hee proud of these supports, and of that ayd  
Which *Leege* and *Munster* sends, had strongly stayd  
The current of our Vnion; and deuoted  
Vnto the See of *Rome*, had Clerke-like quoted  
The *Machiuwlian* Index, for the shifts  
Of policies, and false evasive drifts.  
*Brunswicke* inflam'd with this proud Prelats wrongs,  
To reuenge which his boyling spirit longs;  
Abandoneth his former wintring place,  
Repasseth *Ems*, and cleare *Visurgis* face.  
Then ransacking the cramm'd *Westphalian* Dorps,  
With their releefe he feeds the Souldiers corps.  
Strong was his Armie, numerous and faire,  
Which breathed nought but hop'd *Victoriaes* ayre:  
For now besides his old well-trained Bands,  
Which wintred in the *Paterbornian* lands;  
New reinforcements warlike *Hafia* sends  
From flaggie \* *Fuldes*, and *Eders* rouling bends.  
The like the *Saxon* doth from those cold hills,  
Whose Snow-bred torrent *Albis* channell fills.  
Thus did the *Rhinegrane*; thus did *Louestein*,  
*Alienburg*, *Weimer*, *Schlic*, and *Vitgeinstein*,

All Colloneis of those farre feared Legions,  
 Which Brunswicke raised in these vpper Regions.  
 Th'Imperials were not for their number equall,  
 But passing our Besonian Bands in mettall,  
 Consisting of those Cohorts which Mortaigne,  
 Which Truchses led, and Dane alyd Holsteine,  
 Of the Croatian Horle which Anhalt brought,  
 Of late vnto the Spanish faction wrought,  
 Of the Calabrian Bands, and of that force  
 VVhich \* Paulus sent from Tibers sandy source.  
 About the time that Munsters wealthy Boore,  
 VVith Ceres fruits renewd his former store,  
 VVhen Maurice lay within faire Arnham's walls,  
 And Mansfield lodg'd neere to swift Emses falls:  
 The Duke to Statloo came, and on the bankes  
 Of \* Honner quarterd false Criphausens rankes,  
 To make that passage good against the foe,  
 VVhich neere to Vulten did their Ensignes show.  
 But hee being hooked by the golden bayt  
 Of Tilleyes promises, forsaketh straight  
 The place of his Command, which Tilley taketh  
 VVith his \* Crabats, and from that Station maketh  
 To the Brunswican Vanguard, which being charg'd,  
 At first acquitted well, and well discharg'd  
 Their Martiall duties; but at length being prest  
 By the Croatian Rutters, which address  
 Themselues to their encounter, they forsooke  
 The bloody Combate, and themselues betooke  
 To a dishonour'd flight, which Brunswicke seekes  
 To stop with blowes and words, but still he meets  
 Those fearefull buggs, which cowards soules affright,  
 VVho rather chose to die, then liue to fight.  
 Are these, quoth hee, the solemne Ale. bench braues,  
 Made by these lumpes of clay, these sodden slaues?  
 VVho when they were but tickled with the heat  
 Of sulphrous Rhenish, would whole Armies beat,  
 Would quarter Gen'rall Tilley, lard his heart  
 With points of steeled Pikes, t'auenge the smart

*Paulus* the  
Pope sent suc-  
cours to the  
Emperour in  
these warres.

Honnor is a ri-  
uer in West-  
phalia, which  
runs neere to )  
Statloo, the  
place where  
the battell  
was fought.  
Are Croatian  
Horsmen.

Done to my cousin Fredericke, and his Queene,  
 By Ferdinands, and Philips mortall spleene.  
 But now being set vpon their Fortunes trialls,  
 They proue but hollow caskes, but emptie vials,  
 Big speaking puffers, glorious of their words,  
 But Iades and dastards, weaklings with their swords.  
 Fie, fie for shame, leue off to runne and rout,

Rally, is to re- Rally your selues, and face it once about,  
 order, or bring Then shall you see the God of Battels smile,  
 in order a- And vanquishers th'Imperiall Eagles foyle.  
 gaine.

But maugre all these words, they rout and runne,  
 As when some horned heard the hounds doth shunne.

A small towne They flic towards Breafort, whom the fierce Crabs  
 vnder the Pursue, and strike downe with the thundring claps  
 States, which Of their Carbins, so that for two leagues space,  
 lay two leagues You could see nought vpon the Champions face  
 off. But carnage of mankind, but Corslets strowen,  
 But poynts of Pikes, of Swords, and Halberts sownen.  
 Two hundred foes were kill'd, two thousand slaine  
 Of the Brunswicens, and fiue thoufand ra'en  
 With spoyles, and Honour crowned Talleys hoast;  
 But that which did inlarge their glory most,  
 Was their compassion, and their mercie knownne  
 Vnto the captiue Halberstdians showne.

After the fortune of this battell past,  
 By Treason, and our Souldiers rawnesse lost,  
 Brunswicke retires with his halfe-broken Band  
 Vnto the Confines of fat Gelderland;  
 Where entertaining, all the chosen best  
 For the State-Seruice, he cashieres the rest  
 Of that defeated selfe-betraying rabble,  
 Whom cowardise, or sicknesse made vnable  
 To follow his designes, whose Verge still bends  
 To crosse the Spanish and Imperiall ends.  
 Foure times from this had Cinthia cloſd her hornes,  
 And foure times runne compleat her menstruall turnes,  
 When neere Decembers last, t'Hollandish Fleet  
 Bound for Brasill, commanded were to meet,

If tempest scatterd, neere that necke of land,  
Where Sugar rich Saint Salvador doth stand.  
They from the \* Texell loosing, plow'd thosc waves,  
Whose curled surge great Britaines Foreland laues.  
Then passing by rich Lisbornes foamic Bay,  
And the Terceraes, they thence made away  
To Teneriffaes Pske, and that deepe sound,  
Where Neptunes tumbling billowes doe rebound  
From Gambia, Melli, and that Sunburnt shore,  
Whence Gince sends her Idolized Oare.  
Then sayling West Southwest they past the mouth  
Of \* Maragnon, and bending further South,  
They coasted all along that beachie Strand,  
Whose checker borders faire Brasiliæ Land.  
Heere from th' Aeolian wind out belching cell  
The God of stormes sent forth a tempest fell  
Upon the Dutch, which did their Galeouns beat,  
And sep'rated their Sea-commanding Fleet.  
So that e're Willecks came, mine \* Here van Dore,  
Arrived in Los Santos spacious Port,  
Who thundring with his Cannon, giues th' Alarme,  
And makes the \* Blackes, and Spaniards all to armes.  
Then backe he falls into the watrie Mainc,  
To seeke out Hollands Admirall againe.  
Three times the Sunne had dipt his Phlegons feet,  
And cool'd his Pasterns in the westerne deepe;  
When that faire famed Tiphis of aduenture  
Great Willecks, doth with all his Squadron enter  
The foamic mouth of the Brasilian Bay,  
And within distance of thair Platformes lay:  
Whose Canoniers cur moared Galeouns plie  
With roaring peales of their Artillery;  
These answer them from t'high and lower Tires,  
With \* reuolts of their Promethean fires.  
This salutation past, he straight resolues  
To land his Troupes, and seriously resolues  
Each aduantageous course, no forme, no shape  
Of what expedient was, could once escape

The Hauen of  
Amsterdam.

Countries in  
Affricke.

Maragnon is a  
Riuier, which  
boundeth Bra-  
silia to the  
Northward.

Willecks was  
Admirall, and  
my Lo. of Dore  
commanded  
for the land.  
Negroe.

With vollies  
of shot returned  
againe.

His

His pondrous thoughts, for knowing words to be  
 The solacers of feares infirmitie;  
 He thus inflames, thus comforts, thus exhorts  
 His Hollanders: Come on my braue Consorts,  
 Heere's honour, riches, profit, and what not  
 VVithin *Saluador* to bee lost, or got;  
 Heere are those Ingots rich, those precious graines,  
 Which \* *Reall* washeth from the mountaines vaines;  
 Heere is that Oare, for which the Negro slaues  
 Vnlocke the closets of th' Infernall caues,  
 Kept by these meagre Guardians, verbali pusses,  
 Bigge lookers in their high *Castillian* ruffes,  
 But meere \* *Quixotes*, *Rodomantading* braues,  
 Faire frontispic'd like to their Grandoes graues,  
 But full of emptinesse, and those defects,  
 VVhich valour in selfe-bragging still detectes.  
 So that the spoyle is facill, if that wee

*Reall*, a Riuier  
 which borde-  
 reth *Brasill* to  
 the Southward

Vaine glorious  
 Braggarts;

Hotchpotch is Can beat this \* Hotch-potch of mortalitie;  
 any thing that These Spaniards, Portugals, Saluages, Moores,  
 is mingled; a Dutch-Eng-  
 lish word.

V Who keepe not, but are kept within the Towers  
 Of Saint *Saluador*: Nor is priuate gaine,  
 Nor priuate fame the sole proiected ayme  
 Of this dayes seruice, but the publike good,

Since the losse VVhich bleeding \*since our *Iuliacke* losses stood,  
 of *Iuliers*.

The *Andes* di-  
 uide Peru and  
*Brasill* to the  
 Westward.

Then th' Andian Mountaines which diuide the skies,

These Trees  
 are so big, that  
 whol families  
 dwell in them.

Shall ope their vaines to our new Colonies;

A great Lake Shall bee the guerdons of our glorious toyle,  
 in this Coun-  
 try.

Then those *Brazilian* woods, \* whose massie Trees

Long-Boates. Saluages hiue, like swarmes of *Russian* Bees,  
 With all those verdant Plaines, which *Oregliana*,

VVhich *Reall* watereth, and curl'd \* *Eupana*,

And honour'd Embleames of th' Iberians foyle.

This speech being past, stout *Willeks* doth imbarke

VVithin the \* Skiffes, which from their Galeouns warpe,  
 Two thousand chosen men, whose ready sprite

Straight vndertakes the danger of this fight.

Then

Then the lowd Cannon roares, the Souldiers scale,  
 The Mariners with Boat-hookes downe doe hale  
 The \* Palisadoes : but the Fort well man'd  
 At first to their defencē did brauely stand,  
 And pow'rd downe from the \* Parapetted walls  
 Pitch-burning hoopes, Granadoes, wild-fire balls,  
 Tarlin and Musket shot; but at the length  
 These Spanish Hotespurres loose their former strength,  
 Being stiffly charg'd, and to the towne recōyle,  
 Outwearied with this dang'rous combates toyle,  
 Leauing behind their euer honour'd Chiefe  
 Forlorne of all, deuoyd of all relief,  
 Who fights it out eu'n at the Rapiers poynt,  
 Vntill surcharg'd with odds, and vigour spent,  
 He sheathed vp his Bilboe-tempered blade,  
 And to the Conqu'ours this submission made:  
 I yeeld my selfe, this Castle, and this Fort,  
*Saluadors Towne*, and faire *Los Santos Port*,  
 To you my noble *Dutch* for all shall be  
 Now vassaliz'd to your new Seigneurie:  
 Onely my Soule vncaptiued remaines  
 Free from th'aspersion of those baser staines,  
 Which brand these fugitives, who had they been  
 But Souldiers true, but hardie valiant men;  
 Sooner should \* *Rio grande* haue chang'd his course,  
 And retrograde revisited his source ;  
 Sooner should th' *Andian Alps* haue walst their head  
 In foamie *Neptunes* peeble-checkred bed,  
 Then any parcell of *Brasiliaes* land  
 Should once haue stoopt to *Oranges* command.  
 The Gouernour thus seaz'd, the Castle wonne,  
 The Fort surpris'd, and Saint *Saluadors* Towne  
 Being quitted by the foes; the *Dutch* Coborts  
 Doe forthwith enter those portculliz'd Ports,  
 Whose bending passage giues an open way  
 To this large Citie from *Los Santos* Bay.  
 Great was the spoyle, for Jewels, golde, and plate  
 Inricht the publicke, and the priuate state

Are pales set  
 vp vpon the  
 top or bottome  
 of a Rampier.  
 Parapet is a  
 Worke made  
 brest high vp  
 the top of a  
 wall or Ram-  
 pire.

*Rio grande*, a  
 Riuer which  
 runs from the  
 lake of *Eupana*  
 into *Maragnō*.

VVith pillage store; *Potosies* golden barres,  
 The supporters of these *Philippicke warres*,  
*Peruvian Ingots*, redde *Brasilian wood*,  
 Rich *Cochineale*, and *Sugar perfect good*,  
 Became the guerdons of the *Dutchmens* paines,  
 And new additions to their ancient gaines.  
 The rumour of this losse no sooner came,  
 Out trumpeted by truth-reporting Fame  
 Vnto the Court of *Spaine*, but reuenge wrought  
 Within their Councels breast, whose rancour sought  
 To finde some project out, by which they might  
*Los Santos* losse, and *Saint Salvadors* quite.  
 Plots diffrent were propos'd; but at the last,  
 This suffraged in Common counsell past  
 That *Spinola* by conqu'red *Bredaes* gaine,  
 Must *Spaines* eclipsed Honour remaintaine.  
 For this designe the fierce \* *Ligurian* takes  
 The field at *Balkart*, and from *Balkart* makes  
 Towards *Hoochstraten*, and renownd *Turnhout*,  
 For our mens valour, and th' *Iberians* rout :  
 Then passing by small *Gilsen*, *Baerle*, and *Cham*,  
 About mid-August all their Legions came  
 To *Ginneken*, and neere the *Merkaes* bankes  
 (Whose channell their intrenched Leaguer flankes)  
 They drew their Quarters out; th' *Italian* Bands,  
 Which *Baglioni* the *Lumbard* proud commands  
 Were lodg'd at *Terheiden*, their *Almaines* led  
 By *John of Nassaw*; were all billeted  
 Within *Terhague*; the Marqueffe with the men  
 Of his Diuisions, lay at *Ginneken*,  
 Resolued all to winne that glorious prise,  
 Which *Maurice* got by *Lamberts Turfe-deuice*.  
 The Citizens on the defensiuue stand,  
 With new Supplies, and Reinforcements man'd,  
 Which \* *Hauterine*, which *Gris*, and *Morgan* ledd  
 From glassie *Seines*, and *Tamse's* fruitfull bedd,  
 Which *Lockeren* brought from the Christall *Mase*,  
 From sandie *Rhines*, and *Issells* watrie face,

Wedges of  
Perhuan gold

*Spinola.*

At *Turnhout*  
 the Spaniards  
 were defeated  
 especially by  
 the valour of  
 the English.

These were  
 Colonels of  
 the English,  
 French, and  
 Dutch.

Com-

Commanded all by *Justin of Nassaw*,  
 Who to the Towne, and Souldiers gaue the Law.  
 Besides, the \* Prince reinforced with supplies,  
 Sent from his English friends, and fast Alies,  
 Which braue Southampton led, which valiant Writbly,  
 Which Essex, Oxford, Yeare and Willoughby  
 Commanded for the States, had past his Bands  
 From Holland through the rich Brabanson lands,  
 To \* Meed and Stinesand, where his care attends  
 To succour his Breda-beleagred friends,  
 With all those stratagems, which force or wit  
 Could yeeld, to farther, or to finish it.

The Prince  
of Orange.

The rumour of this siege, with th' expectation  
 Brought Voluntiers from eu'ry Christian Nation  
 Vnto both Leaguers, in which honour'd list

Two villages  
in Brabant,  
where they  
first quartered.

*Poloniaes* Prince claimes chiefest interest:  
 Who comming from the cold Sarmatian plaines,  
 From Rageland, and high Almaine rich in vaines  
 Of sundry Mineralls, arriu'd at last  
 (After the chance of many fortunes past)

The Prince of  
Poland.

At Austrian Isabells renowned Court,  
 Where entertain'd with that Maiesticke port,  
 Which did befit his Greatnesse he retires  
 Vnto the Campe from Bruxels stately Spires,  
 Desiring more to see the Leaguers face,  
 The Spanish Stations, and their Souldiers grace,  
 Then all that pompe, which Bruxels did affoord,  
 To entertaine this young Polonian Lord.

Vpon his first approach the Spanish foe  
 New postures of their ancient boasting shew;  
 They bragge and braue it, that this braue Polaque,  
 Should take our strongest works, and Breda sacker,  
 Should lay the Rampiers leuell with the plaine,  
 And Merks current with our Vermillion staine.

But his designes were safer, for the Prince  
 Knew that Experience should finde difference  
 Betwixt our Troupes, and those Cossackes which haunt  
 Meotis Fennes, and Tartaries Leuant:

He knew that here were no Tartarian Drouers,  
 No Turkish Prickers, nor Valachian Rouers,  
 No Muskonitish, nor Hungarian Bands,  
 VVhose fight on number, more then valour stands.

But heere were French and English nations bold  
 Within the Curtin of this Rampierd hold,

These were Bassaes slaine  
 and defeated by the Prince  
 of Poland.  
 And these not led by \* Alis. beg, nor Nahan,  
 Nor by Cirkas; but by Lock'ren, and Morgan,  
 By Gris and Haueriue men of that merit,  
 That death nor danger could not sinke their Spirit.

Moreouer twas not the Castilians bent,  
 To take this place by forcible attempt,  
 By battering, Petarring, or Scalado,  
 By sapping, mining, or by Camisado,  
 They knew t'were labour lost, t'were worke in vaine  
 To seeke by force this Fortresse strong to gaine.

But famine was the plot, the Fabian course  
 By which they meant the Souldiers hearts to force,  
 And skrew to their conditions: for what strength  
 So Adamantine is? but yeelds at length  
 Vnto the force of famine; there's no law  
 Can giue prescription to a suffring mawe:  
 For Cæsars selfe must yeeld, and Pompey vaile,  
 If viuals with their hungry Colon faile.

T'accomplish this great Castiles armie blockes  
 The friendly Mercke, and with their Cannon stoppes  
 The Land \* aduenues, fiue well fenced Forts  
 Do barre the mouth of our porcullizd ports  
 From all accesse: no Skoutes, no Spies could passe,  
 The Circling Rampiers large extended masse  
 But their obiected sight must straight wayes be  
 The pointeblancke ayme of Spaines Artillerie.

Those mightie workes, which with your wandring cyces  
 On \* Wilshire's battell plaines you may descry;  
 Those monuments left by the conqu'ring Danes,  
 And the Saxons to eternize their names,  
 Were counterfeits, and workes of little fame  
 Compard with this Giganticke massie frame.

Aduenue signifieth a pas-  
sage

The plaines in  
Wiltshire

To

To pierce them through, t'were to diuide the breast  
 Of Greekish *Isthmos*, or to cut the crest  
 Of *Athos* and *Olympus*; twere to draine  
 That ebbing flowing *Mediterran maine*,  
 Which runs betweene the sweet \* *Dordrecian Ile*  
 And bleeding *Brabants Rubie* coul'redsoile.  
 His Excellence knew this, and for this cause  
 Without all dallying demurres all delayes  
 He leaues his *Meedan* quarters, and doth fall  
 From thence vnto sweete-seated *Rosendale*,  
 Where he refortifies his winter station,  
 Vseth th' assurance of his former caution,  
 Seekes to cut off great *Spinolaes Conuoyes*,  
 And fill his Campe with *Myriads* of annoyes.  
 His brother *Henericke* at *Longstratten* lay  
 Upon the passage of the \* *Boshian way*,  
 To cut of those Supplies, which *Brabant* sent,  
 Which *Namurs*, *Heinault*, and *Burgundia* lent,  
 Which the *Limburgers* brought in ratling *Carres*,  
 As contributours to these *Belgian warres*.  
 Both Armies lying thus, excursions past  
 And frequent sallies whcre the various cast  
 Of wauering Fortune gaue the glorious prise  
 With doubtfull reuolution; in such wise  
 That now the Dutchmen vanquish, now the foc  
 The Netherlandish Souldiers doth o'rethrew.  
 Amongst the rest courageous *Breouete*  
 Left heere this life t'acquire Eternitie;  
 Whose body *Mountioyes* daring rescue gaue  
 The sollemne rights of an obsequious graue.  
 Thus died the Captaine of th' *Orangian* guard,  
 Who sallying forth the like disaster shai'd,  
 With diuerse others, which in honours bed  
 Deceasing liue, intomb'd, vnburied,  
 Worthy for worth eu'en to suruiue that death,  
 Which spoild them of their hor oar breathing breath.  
 But where the sworde one pettie squadron flew,  
 The Pestilence to *Plutoes* mansion drew

The Ile of  
Dorte.Upon the way  
of the Busse.

Thousands of soules, whose numerous Cohorts  
 Crowded the passage of the Stigian ports.  
 So that no stragling soule could portage gaine,  
 From th' upper world vnto th' Infernall maine.  
 But O thou scourge of Armies, why shouldest thou  
 To Mars his stealie traine destruction vow?  
 Why should Bellona<sup>s</sup> votaries indure  
 Thy bloodie fluxe, thy madding Callenture?  
 Why should the swelling botch, the watrie blaine  
 That seate of valour with contagion staine,  
 And tainte that purer consecrated bloud  
 Which vow'd it selfe for Belgiaes publicke good.

All those Nor-  
 therene Coun-  
 tries were this  
 last yeere  
 much annoyed  
 with the  
 Plague.

Was't not inough to powre thy malice forth,  
 Vpon, the colder\* Regions of the North?  
 To plague the warlike Danes, the sturdie Swecians,  
 The Rugians, Lappians, and the slow Norwegianians?  
 Was't not inough for thy death miniond selfe,  
 To Golgothize the streetes of stately Delfe,  
 And make faire Leidens trembling students flie  
 From learnings once, now deaths Academie?  
 Was't not enough to lay west Frieseland waste  
 And waste\* Traiectum? but with winged hast  
 Thou must inilade the Princes warlike Campe,  
 And thousands kill with that obnoxious dampe,  
 Which first infects the Subtle poared Aire,  
 And from thence doth our vitall strength impaire,  
 By tainting those vermillion flowing vaines,  
 Those life-conducts with thy contagious stains.  
 And could not heere plebeian bloud asswage  
 The boundles bounds of thy Luxuriant rage?

But must South-hamptons Earle, must Oxfords selfe  
 Dye by the darts of this accursed Elfe?

Must\* Wriothesley, Windham, Chester, Halswell dye,  
 Slaine by the shafts of dire mortalitie?

But deade they are, whether that angrie nature  
 Envied to earth their moore diuiner feature;  
 Or being malignant both to Armes, and Arts,  
 Skornd this Sublunar should possesse those parts,

My Lord  
 Wriothesley  
 eldest sonne to  
 th' Earle of  
 Southampton.

Those

Those seates of wonder, which with such a measure  
 Were powred forth of great Pandoras treasure.  
 Yet these being gone,\* Ratcliffe reputed dead,  
 For Pompeyes repulse Fame-eternized,  
 Liues, and suruiues, new Honours to attaine  
 From the defeated Colonels of Spaine.  
 And since that they are dead, O that my Verse  
 Could giue but life to their thrice-honour'd Heire; Then sooner should the Northerne Coachman steepe,  
 His falling Teeme within the *Rufian* deepe;  
 Sooner should *T*bames forsake his Easterne course,  
 And sliding backe runne Westward to his sourse,  
 Then that their Lawrell-consecrated praise  
 Should want the Crowne of such suruiuing Layes,  
 VVhich might giue life in death, and make that last  
 Beyond Times power, and cankred Enuies blast.  
 And as for thee, sweet *Breda*, which dost stand  
 Upon the *Merkaes* peeble bordred strand,  
 Since thou beleagred art with sundry Legions,  
 Which came from those \*sun-scorched western Regions; From Spaine,  
 So that no store of victualls, no supply  
 Can bring reliefe to thy necessitie.  
 And if the *Spaniard* still so strongly lies,  
 That neither *Nassaws* force, nor slie deuice  
 Can raise the siege; if those new levied Bands,  
 Which *Branswicks* Duke, and *Cromwells* selfe commands,  
 VVhich vnder *Maunsfields* conduct, *Rich* and *Lincolne*,  
 Which *Burroughs* leads, which *Doncaster* and *Hepton*  
 Cannot inforce th' *Iberian* Troupes to rise,  
 Nor gaine their way by *Spinolaes* surprise.  
 Then could I wish, that all that large extent,  
 VVhich lies within the Rauelins Continent,  
 VVere full of *Indian*\* Cocoes, which doe grow  
 Vpon those Plaines where *Pernes* streames doe flow,  
 Whose strong oppletiue power doth strangely fill,  
 And swallowed doth both thirst and hunger kill.  
 Then could I wish, that some Spring-forced tide  
 Would make *Merks* current retrograde to glide,

Sir John Rat-cliffe repulsed Pompeyo and Branchasio, as they thought to passe ouer the *Waal*, vnder the conduct of *Buc-quoy*.

A strange kind of fruit which growes in *Pern*.

And

When *Rochell*  
was besiegd,  
great store of  
shell fish were  
miraculously  
cast vp vpon  
the shoare for  
the releefe of  
the Citizens.

And when the forced riuier thus doth flow  
Whole Cockly mountaines it might vpwards throw  
Vpon the strand; as when *Aniou*, and *Guise*,  
Thought *Neptune* flanked *Rochell* to Surprise:  
It once befell vpon that sandy shoare,  
Where th' Ocean doth against *Coreilles* roare.  
And then perhaps might *Breda*es siege be such  
As was *Ostends* or *Bergens*; and as much  
The dammagd foe might then, and there sustaine,  
As they did in those former sieges gaine,  
When *Veare* and *Morgan* brauely did repell  
That Spanish storme, which on their Legions fell.  
But whilst my muse thus Prayes, Fame from those cels  
Where audience, rumour, and relation dwells,  
Brings vs sad tidings, that strong-flankt *Breda*  
Reconquerd is by warrelike *Spinola*;  
Who after eight moneths siege regaind that place,  
Which so much did his Grayhaid actions grace.  
For although *Maurice* by surprising *Cleme*,  
By *Antwerpes* cold attempt sought to releue  
*Beleaguerd Breda*; though that *Morgan* braue  
Resolu'd to make th' ingaged place his Graue,  
And stood on the defensine with that troupe  
Which swoard nor famine could not make to stoope.  
Although without stout *Veare*, and *Oxfords* Count  
Most daringly the Spanish workes did mount,  
And wone two *Rodoubts*, whereas *Payton*, *Winne*,  
*Tubbe*, *Dacres*, *Hawley*, *Stanhop* got within  
The Parapetted Rampier, brauely fought  
And death amongst whole armed quadrongs fought.  
Yet famine still increasing, whose astrounte  
No courage though death-daring) can surmount,  
And eight dayes foode being onely left to feede  
The greedie Souldiers and the Burgers neede;  
The Spaniards grant a parle, our men agree  
Inforc'd thereto by meere necessitie:  
Conditions to depart were such, as we  
Could hardly looke for from an Enemie:

With

With Serous colours flying, matches light,  
 Bullets in mouth, our waggons Loaden weight  
 With bagge and baggage, and a safe conuoy  
 To safeguard our's from all hostile annoy.  
 Besides when as our Cohorts all dismarcht  
 From *Breda*'s ports, and through their quarters past  
 The curteous *Genouese* saluteth all,  
 But specially for *Morgans* selfe doth call,  
 Imbraceth him, and honouring a foe  
 So worthy doth himselfe thrice worthie show.  
 But though *Breda* be lost, reconquerd *Goffe*  
 By *Lambarts* valour hath the chaines shooke off  
 Of *Castiles* thraldome, and the taken towne  
 Mannd with a strong *Orangian* Garrison,  
 Makes all South *Cleue-lands* Ceres-blessed shoare,  
 Where *Rhine* against strong *Gravenweert* doth roare,  
 Pay contribution eu'n to that same land,  
 Where *Iuliers* on the Roars bankes doth stand.  
 This was that *Lambart* who with *Herangiere*,  
 From *Holland* did that famous Turfe-boat steere,  
 When they fise thousand ours but sev'ntie were,  
 Who this vnheard of enterprise did dare.  
 He waiting on the foes with *Argian* eyes,  
 Discouers by his subtle curious spies  
 That *Goffes* attempt was facill, for the moate  
 Was passable without the corked floate,  
 Without the *Skiffe* or *Punt* neere to that place,  
 Which did the V Vesterne bulwarkes platforme face.  
 For this designe he drawes two thousand men,  
 From *Arnham*, *Embricke*, *Rees*, and *Nimeghen*,  
 Who cou'red with a silent Mooneshine night,  
 Arriud two houres before the dawning light  
 At their knowne Randeuouz, and from thence marcht  
 To the Townedike, which being safely past,  
 They scaled all at once the Rampierd wall,  
 And from thence on the Spanish guards did fall.  
 The fight was bloudie, for the vanquisht foe  
 Fiue hundred of their *Phalangiers* could show,

Slaine on the place, but of the *Dutchmens* side  
 Scarce two full squadrons in this combate dyed.  
 But that which did the victours triumph crosse,  
 VVas valiant *Lambarts* still deplored losse,  
 VVho overheated in this toilesome fight  
 Resign'd within eight dayes his honour'd sprite  
 To mightie *Ione*: his *Manes*, great *Nassau*  
 Then whom this Ageno colder *Fabius* saw,  
 Pursued vnto those blest *Elisian* shades,  
 VVhose cuerliuing pleasure neuer *Fades*,  
 VVhere all true *Patriots*, which for freedome fight  
 Receiue the Crowne of their deserued right.

F I N I S.



To my industrious friend  
Master W. C.

**V**V Hat sullen Prose in harshnes did rehearse,  
Smiles through thy soule with a diffuselight  
Like the Promethean fire : for by thy verse  
Are wakened from the Chaos of blacke night  
The worthies of our time, that by thy pen  
Rise from oblivions grane to life agen.  
And for their sakes Mars with a steely Traine  
Of his undaunted Sons presents thy brow,  
The guerdon of thy sweet Poeticke vaine  
A Lawrell of Mineruaes choiceſt bow :  
Proceede in thy deſignes, and let thy praise  
Out line the crooked carping age of dayes.

John Dowle Bristol.